

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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GODFREY MIND, THE SWISS ARTIST.

It has often been remarked as matter of astonishment that in such a country as Switzerland, where the magnificence of its scenery, its wild local traditions, and the almost patriarchal habits of the people conspire to impress the mind with a poetic spirit, and to kindle the latent sparks of imagination into a vivid flame, so few of its inhabitants should have attempted to record the glories of their native country through the medium of either the pencil or the pen. Of the poetry of Switzerland we have not now to speak; but in noticing the productions of Mind (almost the only Swiss name which has become celebrated in the annals of the sister art,) we cannot avoid making the remark that painting in Switzerland has but seldom risen above mediocrity. It is true there are many artists in that country employed in the delineation of its scenery, its manners, and its costume; but these have been called into existence by the constant demand of travellers anxious to possess memorials of the places they visit, rather than by that inspiration which can alone form the perfect artist, and which the mingled beauty and sublimity of the scenes by which the Swiss is surrounded is so well calculated to bestow. One would imagine it impossible for an artist to gaze upon the majestic Alps, with its snows, and glaciers, and torrents, and pathless forests; or to dwell in its valleys, clad with verdure, and ringing to the happy laugh of a simple peasantry, and not feel his heart dilate, and his ready hand obey the impulse of his mind, filled

with those high imaginings without which no painter, however facile his mechanical dexterity, will ever arrive at excellence in his art. Yet the generality of Swiss productions exhibit a total deficiency of these high qualifications; they are faithful representations of the objects they are designed to represent, certainly, being as exactly drawn as though done by means of the "Camera-lucida," or fixed by the Daguerreotype; but, like such productions, they are excessively flat and tame, with none of that freedom and spirit which shine throughout the meanest efforts of the true artist, and which evince the existence of mind and imagination, and prove the work to be more than the production of a mere automaton or machine.

Yet there are some Swiss painters who deserve not to be included in this censure, and among them may be mentioned Gesner, and Losi, and Mind, of the last of whom (better known perhaps as "the Cat Painter,") being the author of the designs which accompany this paper, we have now to speak.

Godfrey Mind was a native of Berne, where he was borne in 1768. His father was a carpenter in the employ of Mr. Grunn, a paper-maker. This gentleman having a taste for the fine arts, had collected among other engravings a set of Ridinger's celebrated etchings of animals, which it is supposed first gave young Mind, who had many opportunities of admiring them, a taste for drawing, and to which may probably be attributed the peculiar bent of the studies which in after-life rendered him so celebrated. The interest with which he regarded these productions and his attempts to copy them attracted the attention of an artist named Legel, one of Mr. Grunn's friends, who encouraged him with his advice, corrected his youthful essays, and became to all intents and purposes young Mind's drawing-master. His father, however, does not appear to have been so well pleased with his son's performances as was Mr. Legel, and when Godfrey required paper for his sketches, he gave him wood, a material in the fashioning of which he was desirous his son should become as skilful as he was himself. And indeed the fame of Mind, junior, as a "cunning" workman in wood, began to eclipse that of his honest parent, whose productions, though perhaps more useful to the community than those of his son, never obtained the same applause; for Mind, who had

imbibed quite a passion for animals, employed himself in carving representations of sheep, goats, cats, &c., in wood, and executed them with such fidelity that they were sought after by all the villagers, until scarcely a cottage was without some specimen of his genius. Among these he particularly excelled in the representation of cats, for which he appeared to entertain a greater affection than he ever suffered himself to exhibit towards any of his friends.

About the year 1780 he entered into the service of Freudenberger, an artist of some merit, who employed him to color his prints of Swiss costume, but he does not appear to have afforded him any instruction, or to have availed himself of the abilities of Mind as a designer.

While Freudenberger lived, his days passed on in a wearying monotony, and it was not until the death of that artist, that the peculiar talent of Mind as an animal painter began to be noticed. By unremitting study and a constant devotion to one object, he was now enabled to attain an excellence in the delineation of animals, especially cats and bears, which few have ever equalled.

He seems to have cared but for this one pursuit; to have had no ambition or desire for the world's favor; to have lived solely for his art. When Freudenberger died, he was content to receive a small pittance from his widow, in return for which he supplied her with those productions of his pencil which then became, and still are, eagerly sought by amateurs and collectors. Absorbed in his solitary occupation, his whole thoughts were for the objects he delighted to paint; his cats were his constant and dearest companions; he was never seen without them, and generally had one or two on his shoulders while drawing; and so careful was he not to disturb them, that, rather than do so, he would sit for hours in one attitude, however inconvenient it might happen to be.

As these were the most favored objects of his pencil, he represented them with the greatest success. But his bears are scarcely less perfect; he derived his acquaintance with these from some specimens which were kept by the municipal authorities in the ditches of the ramparts at Berne, where he was frequently a visitor. Every look and action of these animals was watched, and immediately transferred to paper with a spirit and accuracy which long practice had rendered natural to him.

But it is not only as a painter of animals that Mind deserves to be mentioned with honor, for although such were his favorite subjects, he would occasionally apply himself to the composition of little domestic scenes, representing the gambols of children, their sports, pastimes, and usual occupations. In the delineation of those subjects he displayed an elegance of conception, considerable knowledge of drawing, great power of expression, and a vigor of execution, which, had not his affection for animals withdrawn him from the pursuit of this branch of his art, we cannot doubt would have raised him to a place among the first of those artists who have made the human figure the principal object of their study.

In the specimens before us, copied from his designs, it is impossible not to admire the simplicity and truth, yet perfect elegance of the composition. Every figure wears an animated expression, not only in the features, but in the whole form, and there are a grace and purity pervading the subject which render it not inferior to the productions of our own Stothard. How inimitably graceful are those little figures swinging in the tub, and how admirably and elegantly is the idea of motion conveyed! We may almost see them move.

And what a constellation of crescent beauty do we behold in those romping children, who appear as though they could scarcely, altogether, resist the suppressed strength of the hardy little mountaineer at their head! One has evidently to pay forfeit! The eldest of the girls is perhaps rather too womanish for such sports, but she is good natured, and a favorite with the little ones, and she could not resist their entreaties that she would join them. But having promised, she engages heart and soul in the sport, and becomes as much a child as the rest. We cannot quarrel with her. This is but a quiet group to the noisy set which occupies the other composition, yet we scarcely know which to prefer.

But, alas! the hand that could have ministered to our wishes has long been cold and powerless, and we have only now to lament that the mind which directed it was so exclusively occupied with subjects comparatively so trivial.

Godfrey Mind died November 8, 1814, in the 46th year of his age. A selection from his works, which are much sought after by collectors, was published some years since at Berne.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.—FROM A DESIGN BY GODFREY MIND.



IN MEMORIUM.

BY WINNIE WOODFERN.

I walk in the scent of the evening breeze,
To a farm-house, fronted with maple trees;
There, the dog that is stretched on the sill
Barks with joy as I climb the hill.
Where kind voices and friendly hands,
Give the welcome of other lands,
There I sit, as the hours go by,
Till the sun is down, and the moon is high.
I am happy there, yet oft my heart
Steals from the joyous ring apart,
Cherishing thoughts of the by-gone years,
When the eyes that smile were dim with tears.
For there, in that farm-house red and old,
When the winds of March blew chill and cold,
Thy joys and thy sorrows were begun,
Robert, the son!

Never these eyes have gazed on thee,
Never this heart has thrilled to see
Lights and shadows pass over thy face,
Adding their beauty to manly grace;
Yet, in this home I have heard thy name
Linked with a praise more dear than fame,
Watched the tears in thy mother's eyes,
Heard, in the dusk, thy sister's sighs.
Here, with thy birth, a love was born—
(Star of hope for thy life's young morn!)
Love that a strength in sorrow gave,
Love that has watched above thy grave.
Here thou wert deeply dear to all;
None can number the tears that fall,
Wrung from the hearts thy death has moved,
Robert, the loved!

Oft I sit, in the twilight gray,
(The hours when nuns in cloisters pray,)
Thinking of thee, and the cruel fate
That made these warm hearts desolate.
I follow thy steps from that household band,
And thy mother's love, to a distant land,
Watching thy cheek and thy lip grow pale,
Seeing thy strength and thy courage fail.
I list to the hushed and gentle tread
Of one who watches beside thy bed,
Who stills thy murmurs and heavy sighs,
And guards thy slumber, with anxious eyes.
But I turn and weep when the end draws nigh,
With its noble hope, and its faith so high;
I weep that the turf lies on thy head,
Robert, the dead!

I know that thy rest is calm and sweet,
Where the hickory tree and the grape-vine meet;
I know that thy weary soul is still

Feeling no sorrow, and fearing no ill.
But I mourn that thy step will sound no more
On the oaken sill of the homestead door;
I mourn for those thou hast left, for they
Were far from thy dying bed that day!
Taken away in thy life's bright morn,
Dirges for thee in my heart are born,
Mingled with anthems—for visions will come
Unto my heart of thy glorious home,—
Visions of thee, in the watches of night,
Bearing no cross, but a crown of light,
Shrined in a glory no pen can paint,
Robert, the saint.

CONSISTENCY.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

"Do you wish to subscribe for a good paper, Mr. Irwyn?" said a friend, as he finished reading his favorite weekly. "If you do, you will not find a better one than this in the country."

"Think not? I may find as good, perhaps."
"I doubt it. I have never seen its equal yet."

"Have you seen the one issued by our society?"

"No; have you got one out?"

"The first number made its appearance yesterday."

"By whom is it edited?"

"By your humble servant."

"Ah! indeed! Then, I suppose, you will exchange with this paper."

"I presume not. I do not think it would be right for me, as the editor of a religious paper, to exchange or in any other way countenance a paper of that description."

"And why not? What harm is there in it."

"Tell me what good is to be derived from the senseless, silly trash with which these periodicals are generally filled?"

"I admit that is the case with a great many; but it is not so with all; it is not so with this one. In fact, its columns are freer from anything of this sort than many of the so-called religious newspapers."

"Our religious newspapers are not what they ought to be; far from it. There is too much worldliness about them; too much of the disposition to serve God and Mammon at the same time."

"I agree with you there, Mr. Irwyn, but yet I see no impropriety in any one's reading a paper like this. There are some I would not allow to come in my house, but, as I said before, this paper is of a different stamp. It is calculated to exert only a healthy, moral, I might say religious influence. I have never yet seen anything in it but what is in strict accordance with Bible doctrine. No one, I think, can fail to be benefited by its perusal. The duties and obligations of husbands and wives, parents and children, friends and neighbors, towards each other and the world at large, are so clearly pointed out, and that in so interesting and attractive a manner, that it cannot help but do good."

"You seem quite interested upon the subject."

"I feel interested, because I would like to see it prosper. To the shame of the public, it must be said that a paper like this is too often left to languish and die, while one, yea, many, not half so deserving of support, filled with sickening love tales and idle trash that pervert the mind instead of drawing it to love the truth, will be most liberally patronized."

"I patronize none of them. Even the best of them, I think, pervert the mind and give it a disinclination for more solid and useful reading."

No. Mr. Irwyn patronized none of them. As a Christian parent, he argued it was his duty to oppose the reading of all light and fictitious matter, whether the moral conveyed was good or bad. Enough that it was fiction. Histories, philosophical works, essays on all the duties of life, treatises of various kinds, all very good in their place, abounded in his library, yet they did not succeed in forming in his children's minds a relish for such reading to the banishment of all other. Hence books, magazines, and newspapers, were stealthily procured, many of them of a decidedly deleterious character, calculated to unfit the mind for pure and rational enjoyment by creating vain imaginations and longing desires after something which was never to be realized.

Mr. Irwyn, as has been stated, was the editor of a religious paper. Theoretically considered, perhaps, a better one could not be found. In doctrine, he was purely orthodox; in zeal for the cause, steadfast and unflinching; as a martyr; in argument, clear, forcible and

persuasive; bold and fearless in reproving and exposing wrong, whether found among the mansions of the great and noble, or the cottage of the poor and lowly. But Mr. Irwyn was also editor of a weekly business paper. This was altogether another affair from the religious paper, which Mr. Irwyn never for one moment forgot. He could not think of blurring the columns of the latter by a favorable allusion to a moral and instructive periodical; yet he had no hesitation in informing the public, through the former, of the localities of numerous grog shops, drinking saloons, liquor dealers, &c. There was no harm in this, to be sure; it was all done in the way of business; and Mr. Irwyn was not the man to forget that business was one thing and religion another. What if he did lend his aid to scatter the seeds of devastation and death through the land! Was he not paid for it?—Who will say there was a want of consistency about him? What if he did at one time warn his brethren to be less worldly-minded, to take less delight in the pleasures of sense; to deny themselves for the Gospel's sake; to be "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," assuring them that "Religion is the chief concern of mortals here below," that it is the only road to happiness? What if he did assert all this and a great deal more in one paper, and in another give notice that a celebrated danseuse will make her first appearance that night; or a renowned actor is to perform a thrillingly interesting play; asserting that those who miss these amusements will miss a capital entertainment, and that none who attend can fail to be gratified—what if he did? Why should he be charged with inconsistency when one was done in the name of religion and the other in the way of business? What if his children should delight in witnessing theatrical performances; in attending horse races; in visiting the tavern, the gambling room, &c., should he be blamed therefor? Did he not at home, and at the weekly prayer-meeting, ever lift up his voice, and cry aloud against these things? Surely, he did. And if he did editorially puff these vanities and vices, and recommend *all* to go and see them, had they not sense enough to know that they were not included in the *all*? That he did not wish to lead *them* to destruction, but only—but only who? We must leave the question unanswered.



CHAPTERS ON BIRDS.

NUMBER ONE.

The Bob o-link is the common name in the United States of a migratory bird, which finds an occasional residence in almost every part of the American continent. It is also well known in the West Indies, which appears to be its place of Winter resort. Journeying northward, the Bob o-link arrives in our southern States as early as the middle of March. About the first of May, the meadows of Massachusetts begin to re-echo with its lively song. This is familiar to almost every one, and is poured forth with extreme volubility. Among the few phrases that can be distinguished, the liquid sound of *bob-o-lee*, *bob-o-link*, *bob-o-linké*, is most prominent, and from it the bird derives its popular name.

The male Bob-o-link, in his Spring dress, has the head, forepart of the back, shoulders, wings, tail, and the whole of the under plumage black, going off in the middle of the back to grayish. On the nape and back of the neck there is a large patch of ochreous yellow, and other portions of the plumage are marked with white. The female, whose appearance the full-

grown male assumes after the season of breeding, has the back streaked with a dark brown, and the whole under parts are yellowish.



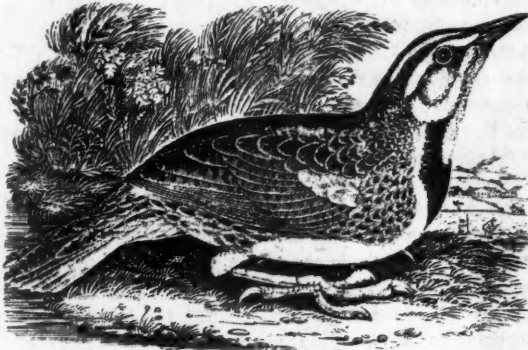
THE BOB-O-LINK.

Grassy meadows are the places usually selected by the Bob-o-link for its nest. This is made on the ground, generally in some slightly depressed spot, of withered grass carelessly buddled together. Here are laid five or six eggs of purplish white, blotched with purple and spotted with brown at the larger end.

About the middle of August, when the male bird has put on the plumage of the female, the

Bob-o-link begins to wing its way southward again, first entering New York and Pennsylvania. Here, along the shores of large rivers, where floating fields of wild rice are abundant, it is met with in large flocks, and under the name of the Reed-bird, is eagerly sought after by sportsmen. Further South, it is called the Rice-bird.

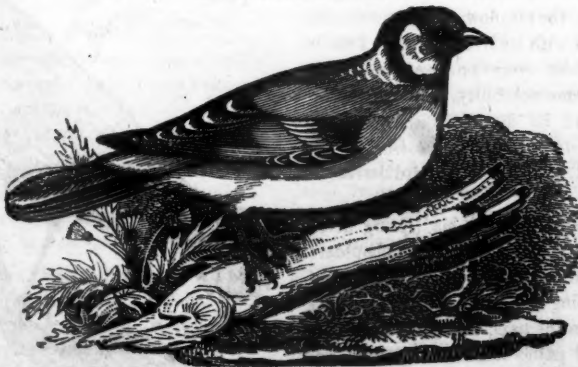
THE MEADOW LARK; OR, AMERICAN STARLING.



This harmless and familiar bird is met with in almost every part of the new world. It is in some degree a migratory bird, being most frequently found in the icy season at the South, though it occasionally winters in colder sections of the country. Like the American Quail, the Meadow Lark is sociable and gregarious in its habits. Its flesh is white and as delicate as that of the Partridge. Its food consists of the larvæ of various insects, as well as worms, beetles, and grass seeds. Though the ground

is its feeding place, it not unfrequently alights on the topmost twigs of lofty trees, and there pours forth its simple song. This, according to Nuttall, "bears some resemblance to the slender singing and affected pronunciation of *é sé dée àh*," and cannot fail of being recognized if heard. The nest, which is ingeniously built and well concealed, contains four or five large white eggs, faintly tinged with blue and marked with numerous small reddish-brown spots.

THE GOLDFINCH.



Of all cage birds, this is one of the most delightful, alike from the beauty of its plumage, the sweetness of its song, its docility and remarkable cleverness. In its wild state, the

Goldfinch is found throughout Europe, being a bird of passage only in Holland. In the British Isles it is a constant resident. For its Winter sojourn there, it gives preference to wild and barren lands, where thistle and plaintain seeds are abundant. Taking a mate early in the Spring, it quits the wild and open country, resorting to gardens skirted by woods and coppices.

As soon as the foliage becomes dense enough, it commences the task of building its nest. This is placed in the fork of a branch, and is very neat and beautiful, being composed of lichens, moss, and dried grasses, lined with hair, wool, and the seed down of the willow and thistle. The eggs vary in number from four to six, and are of a pale, sea-green color, marked with light red spots and dots and deep red stripes.

The Goldfinch is a beautiful and animated bird. Its song is shrill and agreeable, and heard during all seasons, excepting only at the period of moulting. Its docility is extraordinary, and the tricks it may be taught to perform are truly wonderful.

In their free state, Goldfinches feed upon a variety of seeds; in the cage they should be fed upon poppy and hemp seed. The disease that most frequently attacks them is epilepsy. Sometimes their eyes become sore and swollen; to remedy which an ointment of butter will be found sufficient. Heaviness and greediness, occasioned by feeding too exclusively upon hemp seed, may be removed by changing their food to soaked salad and thistle seeds. It contributes much to their health to occasionally supply them with the head of a thistle. Although they often fall sick, they sometimes live to the age of sixteen and even twenty-four years. In old age, however, they become blind, and lose the beautiful red and yellow colors of the head and wings.

A woodsman, from the interior of Indiana, who had never been on board a steamboat, had occasion to go to St. Louis, a short time since. From the bank of the river, he hailed Harry of the West, with, "Captain, what's the fare to St. Louis?" "What part of the boat do you wish to go on—cabin or deck?" "Hang your cabin," said the gentleman from Indiana. "I live in a cabin at home. Give me the best you've got."

THE BIRDIE'S SONG.

As I came o'er the distant hills,
I heard a wee bird sing:
"Oh! pleasant are the primrose buds
In the perfumed breath of Spring!
And pleasant are the mossy banks,
Beneath the birchen bowers,—
But a home wherein no children play,
Is a garden shorn of flowers!"

And once again I heard the bird,
His song was loud and clear:
"How glorious are the leafy woods
In the summer of the year!
All clothed in green, the lovely boughs
Spread wide o'er land and lea,—
But the home wherein no son is born,
In a land without a tree!"

The birdie ceased its happy song,
I heard its notes no more;
The water rippled silently
To the blue lake's quiet shore:
But a mother sang her cradle hymn:
"All hallowed be your rest,
And Angels watch the shining heads
That leaned on Jesus' breast!"

DRAWING WATER.

I had drunk, with lip unsated,
Where the founts of pleasure burst;
I had hewn out broken cisterns,
And they mocked my spirit's thirst:

And I said, life is a desert,
Hot, and measureless, and dry;
And God will not give me water,
Though I pray, and faint, and die.

Spoke there then a friend and brother,
"Rise, and roll the stone away;
There are founts of life upspringing
In thy pathway every day."

Then I said my heart was sinful,
Very sinful was my speech;
All the wells of God's salvation
Are too deep for me to reach.

And he answered, "Rise and labor,—
Doubt and idleness is death;
Shape thee out a goodly vessel
With the strong hands of thy faith."

So I wrought and shaped the vessel,
Then knelt lowly, humbly there,
And I drew up living water
With the golden chain of prayer.

FRIGER CARY.

A REVIVAL SCENE.

[From the "Records of Bubbleton Parish, or Papers from the Experience of an American Minister," just published in Boston by A. Tompkins and B. B. Mussey & Co., we take the following graphically described scene.]

While our affairs were in this threatening and dubious posture, a most exciting "revival" was in progress in one of the neighboring churches.

At the period of which I am writing, these famous meetings were electrifying many of the Congregationalist churches throughout New England. A flame of religious enthusiasm was kindled in the community. Sectarian zeal was enacting another crusade. The world was to be converted by a storm of fanaticism.

The experience of twenty years has not confirmed the wisdom of that experiment. The disastrous effects of the revival system are now pretty generally confessed. It may be safely affirmed, I think, that American Christianity suffers to this day—in the estimation of a respectable class of community—not only from the errors that were propagated during those exciting scenes, but from the *reaction* of that overstrained feeling and morbid exertion which they induced. It is as unwise to overtask the religious sensibilities, as to exhaust the mental or bodily powers. Nature demands reparation for every kind of excess. Why should we expect a frequent recurrence of the Day of Pentecost? It is not the aim of Providence to develop the Christian life in the soul by a succession of spasms. It is a *growth*—not to be realized, or even favored, by tumultuous excitement, frantic appeals to fear and selfishness, awful threatenings and terrific alarms—but secured under the conscious shelter of Divine Love, in the calm discourse of reason, in the serenity that unveils the heart to the renovating light and blessed harmonies of the universe.

The revivals to which I allude, may be symbolized by the dark wrath of hurricanes, that leave ruin moaning on their track, and prepare the waste for briars to grow and dragons to inhabit. But pure religion has its symbol in the peaceful shining of the sun, that wins forth the inherent beauty of Nature, and clothes the world in the garniture of Praise.

God's process—whether surveyed in the im-

perceptible movement of constellations, or in the renovation of a human being—is gradual, orderly, sublime.

His renewing influences descend "like the small rain, and distil like the dew." His kingdom cometh not with observation.

For why should a tumult like the tramp of armies, herald the reign of Him we call the Prince of Peace?

But to resume the narrative:

It was a night in March that I was returning from the house of a parishioner, whom I had visited in severe affliction.

My course lay directly by Dr. Screamer's large church, where the revival was being conducted. Although it was past the hour of ten, the meeting still continued. The building was evidently thronged, for the shadows of figures, standing erect against the upper tier of windows, darkened the ample sweep of the galleries; and a crowd of men filled the porch, or were crammed together in the three outer doorways. The voice of the preacher—shrill and hoarse—with frequent groans of conviction, and cries of sudden terror, and shouts of approval from the excited audience—rang fearfully into the still ear of night.

There was a fascination about the place that made me pause, and that drew my steps to the thronged entrance.

The porch-lamps glared dim and ghastly upon that compact mass of beings, and the breath of the dense crowd that filled the vast interior of the edifice, issued from the narrow apertures furnished by the half obstructed doors, in a rank, hot, and sickening steam.

It was horrible to think of the infatuated multitude thus wedged within this fatal church, and breathing this abominable atmosphere, charged thick with death!

I had barely secured a footing upon the outer threshold, before I was thrilled by a piercing, protracted shriek.

It was a man's voice—loud, harsh, and awful beyond anything I had ever heard. It had a certain rude and prolonged vehemence that indicated great physical strength, and reminded one of the despairing cry of a wild beast, rather than of any strictly *human* utterance of woe.

I instantly perceived that the men around me were powerfully agitated by the occurrence.

They pressed forward toward the inner doors,

and tried to look over the heads of the intervening throng.

"Is it *he*?" they demanded, in subdued but frantic whispers, reaching over and clutching the clothes of those who stood within.

"A judgment!—behold, a judgment of God!" was thundered from the lips of the preacher.

All eyes were directed toward the pulpit, in strange consternation. The multitude about the central aisle began to sway to and fro, and I heard the shuffle of many feet, mingled with hoarse cries of "Amen! glory to God! A judgment!—a judgment!"

Again was heard that fearful shriek, but lower, fainter than before—as if life itself were departing from the poor wretch.

Then down the aisle ran the cry—almost vindictive in its wild fervor—

"It's a judgment!—a judgment from Almighty God on the scoffer!"

The confusion increased within the church; but over all, the shrill voice of the preacher was distinctly audible, though his form was not visible to me, for he had left the pulpit, and stood exhorting by the altar.

At length I beheld—urging his course madly through the compact throng, and moving his arms like a swimmer in his efforts to reach the door—the large, scarred figure of an old man, who had been shown to me in the streets, not long previous, as Sharkey, the smuggler; and who, as my readers may recollect, was known to be a very liberal supporter of the Plush-street minister.

I saw in the distortion of his features, and in the wild terror of his look, the revelation of sudden insanity.

The awe-struck crowd gave way as fast as the scanty space would allow: and, like one marked by the curse of Heaven, the old man rushed forth into the night.

"Was ever a judgment more manifest?" exclaimed one, gazing solemnly after the fugitive.

Then I learned that old Sharkey had laid a wager that he would enter the crowded church and profanely defy the revivalists before the altar; and that, in pursuance of this reckless intention, he had encountered the fierce anathemas of the preacher, and, smitten by sudden repentance or superstitious fear—had fallen to the floor with a shriek of madness.

It was evident that the revivalist realized the

advantage which such an incident was calculated to furnish him.

His voice took an imperious tone. The threatenings he announced became more and more authoritative. Terrors multiplied around his agitated brow.

A desire seized me to behold the man who swayed these hundreds at his will, and detained them within these horrible walls at the risk of suffocation.

The gallery offered the only chance of gratifying my wish. With great exertion I reached the stairs. Here, as elsewhere, there was a dense, hot throng. Step by step, I made the wearisome ascent, and, pressing through the door that opened on the gallery, the immense magnitude of the audience rose before me with startling effect.

But admiration was not the emotion that made my sight swim and my brain whirl.

It was fear, consternation, at the vile, putrid heat, that rose—a dense, intolerable malaria—from those unconscious victims. Already hundreds seemed as torpid as so many figures of lead. In a few minutes more, as it seemed to my excited fancy, they would have been corpses.

A thrilling, dizzy sense of the danger darted through me in an instant. Without clearly realizing what I was doing—so sudden and imperious was the impulse that seized me—I made my way to the front of the gallery, and shouted with all my voice:

"People! are you mad? You are all dying of suffocation! Open the windows and clear the house!"

Of course, this was very presumptuous, but, at that instant, it seemed only the dictate of duty—as, indeed, I still think it was.

"Yes!" echoed the revivalist, glancing up at me with a fierce gesture, "you *are* all mad—mad with the folly of the world!—and suffocating,—yes, with hell fire! Open the windows?—ah! the windows of heaven, that you may have grace to repent!"

The man was frantic, and I did not wonder at it.

But the fatal spell was broken,—the people rose with a new terror—they began to appreciate their peril. There was a tumultuous rush for the door.

Alas! in giving my hasty alarm, I had not thought of this danger. Would they now trample each other to death, to reward me for my interference?

Leaning over the gallery, I shouted and expostulated; but I might as well have addressed a whirlwind.

And, as my gaze settled upon the scene, embracing with mute horror all its details, I distinguished one figure struggling in the abyss, that brought a cry from my lips and a keen pang to my heart.

It was Miss Arlington!

* * * * *

To spring to her rescue, was alike the impulse of manliness and of friendship. But to leave the gallery by the way I had entered it, was no longer a practicable achievement, owing to the mass of people that were crowded tumultuously upon the stairs; and I was compelled to accept the less decorous expedient of vaulting over the railing.

The whole church was a scene of uproar and terror.

The nature of the meeting—the appalling ideas on which the revivalist had dwelt, and the signal retribution that had smitten the scoffer, had excited the feelings of the people beyond the control of reason, and made them doubly susceptible to the panic of sudden alarm. They rushed upon each other with the frenzy of maniacs;—men shouted and struggled—women screamed and fainted; and a few, whose zeal had entirely eclipsed their perceptions, sang and prayed, like saints in the last ecstasy of martyrdom!

Dropping into this dangerous abyss, I was fortunate enough to reach the object of my anxiety, just as she fell, exhausted, in the midst of the mad throng.

A favorable movement of the crowd enabled me to rescue her without much difficulty, and to place her in the recess of a window, quite out of danger.

Then I forced up the sash, and—assuming the privilege of the coolest head in the house—expostulated with the people, and began to ventilate the place.

Gradually a passage was opened through the clotted doorways, and the eager multitude filed out. The cries and the frenzy abated—the score of the weak and helpless that had fainted were borne homeward—while the low groans of a few, who thus expressed the injuries they had received, imparted an air of tragic solemnity to this fearful consummation of the evening's service.

ON A DEAR FRIEND.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

I am thinking of thee, Adeline—
Not as thou liest now,
With the damp earth on thy bosom,
And death upon thy brow;
But I'm thinking of the olden times—
The times when first we met—
And my heart grows very heavy,
And my eyes are dim and wet.

I am alone, my Adeline,
In the little study room,
Where we have sat so often
Amid the twilight gloom—
Thy clasp seems warm upon my hand,
I almost feel thy breath,
As it was wont to warm the lips
That now are sealed in death.

The past comes o'er me, Adeline,
Like shadows o'er the sky;
I feel the pure and tender love
That brooded in thine eye;
And here, within my silent room,
I seem to hear thy tread,
And feel thy kind hand trembling
Upon my fevered head.

And I am thinking, Adeline,
Of that holy Sabbath time,
When our children stood together
Before the altar shrine;
When on their foreheads softly fell
The pure baptismal rain,
And the rich light lay around us
In many a gorgeous stain.

I've not forgotten, Adeline,
The promise often given,
That I would love those little ones
When thou wert called to Heaven!
We pledged the solemn promise,
With many a sigh and tear;
Dost thou think of it in Paradise,
While I am weeping here?

Oh! I am thinking, Adeline,
Of the pathway thou hast trod
Through the dim and silent valley
Which leadeth up to God.
I am praying that my soul may be
As calm and strong as thine
When it passes through that darksome way,
To God's eternal shrine!

ANGEL VISITS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

They do not always visit us in beautiful garments, making the air around golden with their sunny smiles. Oftener they come disguised in sober-hued vestments, lips grief-curved, and eyes heavy, as with weeping. But come to us when and how they will, it is ever in love. Daily they are about our paths, though we perceive them not with our dull bodily senses; nor even recognize their presence by the finer instincts of our spirits—for "of the earth earthy" as we are, and with affections clinging to the earth, we have neither eyes nor ears for the inner sight and inner voices that are for the pure in heart. Yes, they are about our daily paths, smoothing and making them flowery when they may; but oftener piling up obstructions and making them rough and thorny.

"Rough and thorny! Piling up obstructions!" we hear from the lips of some life-weary sufferer. "Is this a work for angels?"

Beautiful the way seemed before you, in the bright morning of early womanhood, heart-sick and life-weary one; and as your eyes went far onward, how many lovely vistas opened, showing blessed arcadias in the smiling distance! To gain them you felt was to gain heaven; and onward you pressed with eager footsteps. You did not gain them! For a while the path was even, and the fragrance of a hundred blossoms delighted your senses. But all at once your feet were wounded—there were sharp obstructions in the way; then thick clouds and darkness were before you, hiding the lovely Eden. Still, you sought to pass onward, though the way was rough, and the sunny vistas, opening to the land of promise, hidden from your straining vision. Then a mountain arose suddenly, whose rocky steep you could not climb. Despair was in your heart; and in the bitterness of your disappointment you called yourself one mocked of God.

It was not so, precious immortal! Not so, pilgrim to a better land than the arcadia of your maiden dreams! At the very foot of that inaccessible mountain, a narrow path at length became visible; and though it looked rough and had no green margin, beautiful with flowers, there was an emotion of thankfulness in your heart for even this way of escape; for, already

a mortal dread had seized upon your spirits. With hurrying footsteps you entered this new way, and the hope that it would quickly lead around the mountain, and bring the sunny land again in view, repressed the fear that else had been paralyzing.

It was the hand of an angel which led you into that new way, and kept your heart from fainting. Narrow, rough and flowerless though it proved, it was a better way than that along which you were passing with such buoyant steps—for it bent heavenward. And think, life-weary one!—do you not feel that you are nearer heaven now than when the sun of this world shone from an unclouded sky above the path of pleasure and prosperity? Think, and answer to yourself the question.

A heart-stricken mother sat grieving for the loss of her youngest born, the sweetest and loveliest of her precious flock—grieving and refusing to be comforted. There had been loving sympathy, gentle remonstrances, and pious teaching from the lips of the minister who had a year before touched the forehead of her babe with the waters of baptism; but all availed not—the fountain of tears stayed not its waters, nor was the murmuring voice hushed in her rebellious spirit. At length one came to her who had known a like sorrow, and whose heart had, even like hers, been bowed into the very dust. She took into her own soft hand the passive hand of the mourner, which gave not back a sign. A little while she held it, clasping her fingers in a gentle pressure; then in a voice whose tender modulations went vibrating to the inmost of her spirit, she said:

"You had an angel visit last night."

An angel visit! What did the words signify?

"Only a year has passed since I had a like visit," continued the friend. "I did not recognize the heavenly messenger when she came, for my eyes were too full of tears to see her radiant form. She came and went, bearing on her bosom as she passed upward to the regions of eternal sunshine, the spirit of my lovely boy!"

The hand of the mourner answered to the light pressure of that in which it lay.

"That night," went on the comforter, "I saw in a dream—I call it a dream, but regard it as a revelation—my translated one among the blessed in the upper kingdom of our Fa-

ther. He was in the arms of the angel-mother, whose love for him it was plain to see was wise and tender, surpassing all my own deep affection, as far as the unselfish love of an angel surpasses a weak and erring creature of earth.

"Grieve no more!" said the heavenly being, as she came to me. "I have not taken this innocent one from you in anger or cruelty, but in love—love for both the mother and child. As for him, he is safe in his celestial home for ever, and is and will be blessed far above anything you could ask—for it hath not entered into the heart of even a mother to conceive what transcendent delights are in store for those who are born into heaven. Is it not therefore better for your child? Were I to say, take him again into the cold, dark world of sorrow, sin and suffering, would you bear him back? No, grieving mother, no! You love this precious one too well. But how is it better for you to lose the child in whom your heart was so bound up? I see the question on your lips. That is always best which lifts the spirit nearest to God—is it not so? Think! Not with a heavenly, but with an earthly and selfish affection, did you love your child—such an affection could not truly bless either you or your babe. It is now in heaven, and as your heart follows it there, it will come into heavenly associations, and thus be filled with aspirations for that higher life which descends from and bears back its recipient into heaven. Grieving one! I came to you in mercy; and though tears have followed my visit, they are falling on good seeds planted in your heart."

"Thus spoke to me that angel-mother of my child, and ever since her words have been my stay and comfort. Such an angel came to you last night, grieving friend. The visit was in love, not in anger. Then lift your eyes upward, and no longer permit them to rest on the cold earth-form and the gloomy grave. The spirit of your child has already arisen more beautiful in form, and is with the angels appointed for its guardianship. The wiser love of our good Father has removed it. Be thankful, then, dear friend. Oh, be thankful!—but weep not!"

And the heart, which no words of consolation had been able to reach, felt itself swelling with a deep emotion, and lifting itself upwards towards the All-Merciful.

"I will believe that it was an angel who

came here last night and bore away my child," she whispered, as with shut eyes, fringed by tear-gemmed lashes, she bowed her head upon the bosom of her consoler. "Oh, if anything can soothe the anguishment of this bereavement, it is to think that my precious babe, for whom I have cared so tenderly, passed from my arms to those of an angel, and that he was thus borne safely across the dark valley into which I looked down with such a heart-shudder. I bless you for speaking such words of consolation!"

Not alone in misfortune or bereavement do angels visit us. They do not always make the way rough, nor always darken the earth-fires around which we gather. Daily they come to us; hourly they seek to draw nearer and quicken our better impulses. A thousand evils—soul-destroying evils—are warded off by them, even though we are unconscious of their presence, and, it may be, resist the very influences by which such priceless benefits are conferred.

"Ah! if we could but open our eyes and see; if the scales that obstruct our inner vision could be removed; if we could know our celestial visitors when they come!"

We may know them; and we may perceive their presence. Whether we are in prosperity or adversity, in joy or in sorrow, angel-visitors are with us whenever the thought goes upward and the heart yearns for a better life. Their mission to the sons of men is to draw them heavenward; and if sorrow, affliction, or adversity, is needed for the accomplishment of this great end, they are made subservient in the good work. But when, in their high mission, they bow a thirsty soul to the bitter waters of Marah, their hands hold not back the healing leaves, and a song of rejoicing is soon heard instead of lamentation. Happy is that spirit to which the angels come not on their errand of mercy in vain!—*Gleason's Pictorial*.

"Is he alive?" inquired a little boy, the other day, as he gazed on a large turtle crawling in front of a restaurant. "Alive!" exclaimed a fat gentleman, who was looking at the monster with intense interest; "sartinly, boy. He acts live a live turtle, don't he?" "Why, yes, he acts like one," answered the little querist; "but I thought, perhaps, he was making believe."



THE VERNAL SHOWER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Now the lucid tears of May
Gem the blossoms of the spray;
Every leaf and bending flower
Glitters in the vernal shower.

Lovely in the clouded sky
See, the Rainbow shines on high;
Mark the heavenly colors bright
Ere they vanish from the sight.

Fairer now the view around;
Brighter verdure decks the ground;
Flora, smiling in her bower,
Hails the tender vernal shower.

Cool and fragrant is the gale,
Breathing sweets from yonder vale;
Where the flowers in freshened pride
Smile upon the fountain side.

See! again the skies appear
Clad in blue, serenely clear:
Mild and genial is the hour;
Sweet the balmy vernal shower.

AUGUST.

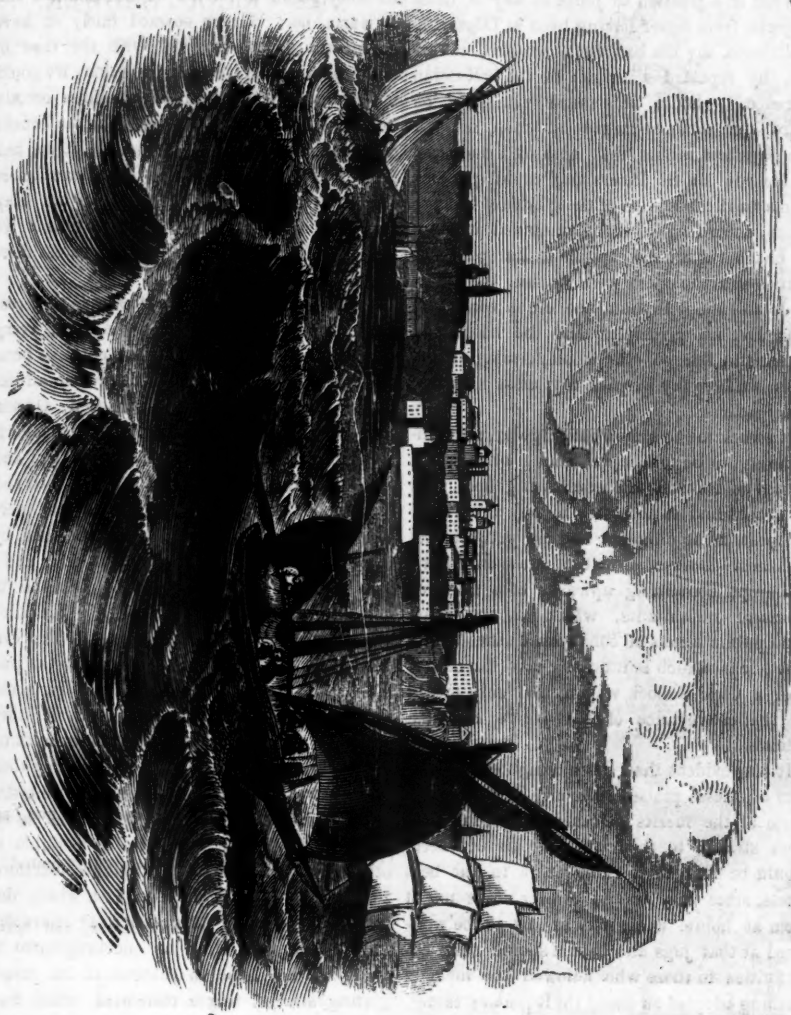
Dust on thy mantle! dust,
Bright Summer, on thy livery of green!
A tarnish as of rust,
Dims thy late brilliant sheen:
And thy young glories—leaf, and bud, and
flower—
Change cometh over them with every hour.

Thee hath the August sun
Looked on with hot, and fierce, and brassy
face;
And still and lazily run,
Scarce whispering in their pace,
The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent
A shout of gladness up, as on they went.

SUMMER.

The country was so fresh and fine
And beautiful in May,
It must be more than beautiful,
A paradise to-day!

If I were only there again,
I'd seek the lanes apart,
And shout aloud in mighty words,
To ease my happy heart. STODDARD.



ODESSA.

[The recent bombardment of the Russian port of Odessa. by the combined English and French fleets, has given a new interest to the place. Its situation on the Black Sea will be seen on reference to the map. From Oliphant's "Russian Shores of the Black Sea in 1852" we take the following account of his visit to Odessa:]

It was with mingled feelings of gratitude and triumph that I found myself climbing the steep hill which leads from the quay into the

town of Odessa. I felt thankful that we had escaped three weeks' quarantine; that we had passed through the custom-house without having our luggage examined; that there was a prospect at last of a return to some of the luxuries of civilized life after a somewhat arduous journey. And I felt triumphant, because I could now for the future fearlessly condemn Russian hotels, discuss the merits of Russian shops, and depreciate Muscovite civilization in general, without being told that I

was not in a position to judge of any of these subjects, from never having been at Odessa.

Hitherto, my life had been rendered miserable by repeated allusions to the "Russian Florence." Some infatuated Odessans on board the steamer impressed upon me, for two days and nights, that nothing I had seen at Moscow or St. Petersburg could give me even a faint conception of the glories of Odessa, which, according to them, combined in itself the charms of all the capitals in Europe. The statues and the opera were Italian; the boulevards and shops French; the clubs conducted upon English principles; and the hotels unequalled in Europe—the whole forming attractions which may surpass my most sanguine anticipations.

It struck me as somewhat singular, notwithstanding, to be told, upon asking what means existed of leaving this enchanting spot, that we should find it necessary to buy a carriage and post, as no diligence had as yet been established. Odessa, probably, is the only town in Europe containing upwards of a hundred thousand inhabitants, which cannot boast some public means of conveyance other than a post telèga, which is infinitely more barbarous than a Cape Bullock wagon, and only meant for the conveyance of field-jagers and dispatches.

It was evident that these benighted inhabitants of Odessa praised their city in utter ignorance of the merits of others. It could not seem strange to them that a pair of sheets should be charged a ruble extra in the best hotels, since they seldom or ever made use of them at home; while it was not to be wondered at that jugs and basins should seem superfluities to those who followed the mode of washing adopted on board the Russian steamer, which consisted in each man's trickling a little water into his friend's hands—so little, indeed, that but a very few drops of the precious liquid were spilt. Our exertions to obtain a basin on board evidently caused us to be looked upon as bad travellers, who did not conform to the manners of the country they were in.

The change from the climate, inhabitants and customs of the East, to those of the bleak North, was very marked on our arrival at Odessa. We were again surrounded by sheepskins, and pierced with a sharp east wind that howled over the desolate steppe. Here were

no lofty peaks to shelter us, nor Summer sun to warm us. Winter seemed fairly to have set in, the day we arrived, with the view of chasing us out of Russia. However, we could not go until we had been advertised a certain number of days, in the papers, for the benefit of imaginary creditors. Fortunately, we had given notice of our intended departure before we arrived, whereby the length of our stay was considerably diminished. Meantime, we found plenty to amuse us in the greatest mercantile emporium in Russia.

It must be admitted that Odessa is very cosmopolitan in its character. Almost every country in Europe has its representative here, and the principal streets are filled with an immense variety of costume. Indeed, Odessa has an air of business and activity about it quite foreign to Russian towns generally; and this is doubtless owing to its rapid growth and mixed population. There is a great deal more liberty enjoyed by the inhabitants than by those of any other town in the empire; and I was struck by the unwonted freedom of smoking and conversation which prevailed among those with whom I mixed. The evident effort made to be as little Russian, as possible, is a significant comment upon the inconsistency of the inhabitants, who, while they maintain the superior excellence of everything national, seem chiefly desirous of sinking their nationality, and, with that facility of imitation peculiar to the Russian character, seek to assimilate themselves as much as possible to other European nations. It follows, therefore, that, apart from the novelty with which this city is invested by its commercial character, in a country affording no encouragement to trade, there is little to interest in its broad, glaring streets, where clouds of white dust overwhelm the passengers, and rows of stumpy trees are reduced almost to the same color as the tall houses behind him.

Odessa has existed to serve a definite purpose, and in that respect its case is altogether an exceptional one: it has been forced on in spite of government, by virtue of being a free port, and of possessing the most saleable commodity in Europe as its principal article of commerce. As its exports exceed the imports by two-thirds, its prosperity cannot be said to have a very firm foundation; indeed, a war with Russia would be fraught with more se-

rious consequences to these provinces than to the country which derives its supply of corn from them. In the one case, the ruin would be permanent and irretrievable; in the other, the temporary inconvenience would doubtless be very great, but a new source of supply would surely be found, and one in all probability not liable to such sudden and violent interruptions. However, a consideration of the commercial interests of the Russian empire would never turn the scale with government one way or the other in a question of peace or war.

* * * * *

Although there is no macadamized road leading in any one direction out of Odessa, yet even the magnificent rivers which afford such evident means of communication with the interior are not taken advantage of. The Pruth, the Dnieper, the Dniester, and the Bug, are all either navigable or might easily be made so. At present, little else but woodrafts float down their broad waters. No private company has enterprise, or rather hardihood enough, to attempt an undertaking which government might at any moment ruin; and, even now, almost all speculations in Russia are carried on by rash foreigners, who have not lived long enough in the country to know better. I think, therefore, it will be some time before a railway is completed to Moscow, though government now offers a guarantee of four per cent. It will be a singular anomaly if a railway should connect Moscow and Odessa, in the absence of any macadamized road between the two; and one none the less striking, because only to be found elsewhere in America.

* * * * *

A police-office experience at Odessa affords the traveller a pretty correct notion of what he will have to encounter at all the large towns throughout the empire. At the top of a dingy flight of stairs is an antechamber, containing a crowd of bareheaded men and women waiting in the most suppliant manner at a sort of barrier, where two soldiers are placed to prevent indiscriminate intrusion. If the traveller be an Englishman, his resolute appearance daunts these two cerberi, and he passes into an extremely dirty room, where a number of worn-out, ragged-looking men are scribbling in a dejected manner, regardless alike of him

or his passport. At last, he follows the direction of the point of a pen, and finds himself in a similar room, where the coats of the writers look a little less threadbare; and here a man seizes the document, and looks through a pile of portfolios, among which he chooses one, and begins leisurely reading. Our traveller stands patiently waiting the result, which is probably the passing on of the passport to the next writer, who reads it through in rather an interested manner, and hands it back. Meantime, the original man has found something in the portfolio, which seems to have some reference to the passport, for he inscribes something thereon, and, giving it to its owner, directs him to another man, who, upon receiving it, makes the government charge, puts it one side, as if he never meant to look at it again, and goes on attending to numerous other applicants, regardless of the entreaties of his victim, who at last bethinks him of trying the effect of a bribe. This the nobleman complacently pockets, and tells him to come back in three hours. If time is valuable, however, on doubling his bribe the traveller is rejoiced with the sound of "sichass," which, if he has just come to Russia, he will have learnt means, literally, "immediately;" but if he has remained there any time, he will have discovered that it has practically the opposite signification.

Some time having elapsed, and the same routine having been gone through with three or four more rusty-looking members of the aristocracy, who confer continually with one another, as if his were a most exceptional case, the traveller, in despair, finally refuses to bestow another bribe, and, relinquishing his passport, determines to complain to the governor. This functionary, notwithstanding the fact of his having amassed considerable wealth by these very means, displays much righteous indignation, and orders an immediate restitution of the passport to the peppery Englishman, who has thus succeeded in scraping through one office in an incredibly short time, and has probably three more in prospect. It thus happened that we were fully occupied during our three days' stay in Odessa with trying to get away from it; while no doubt the kind exertions in our behalf by the British consul, Mr. Yeames, much facilitated our departure.

HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 46.

CHAPTER XI.

The Fairy palaces, burst out into illumination, before pale morning, showed the monstrous serpents of smoke trailing themselves over Coketown. A clattering of clogs upon the pavement; a rapid ringing of bells; and all the melancholy-mad elephants, polished and oiled up for the day's monotony, were at their heavy exercise again.

Stephen bent over his loom, quiet, watchful, and steady. A special contrast, as every man was in the forest of looms where Stephen worked, to the crashing, smashing, tearing piece of mechanism at which he labored. Never fear, good people of an anxious turn of mind, that Art will consign Nature to oblivion. Set anywhere, side by side, the work of God and the work of man; and the former, even though it be a troop of Hands of very small account, will gain in solemn dignity from the comparison.

Four hundred and more Hands in this Mill; Two hundred and fifty horse Steam Power. It is known, to the force of a single pound weight, what the engine will do; but, not all the calculators of the National Debt can tell me the capacity for good or evil, for love or hatred, for patriotism or discontent, for the decomposition of virtue into vice, or the reverse, at any single moment in the soul of one of these its quiet servants, with the composed faces and the regulated actions. There is no mystery in it; there is an unfathomable mystery in the meanest of them, for ever. Supposing we were to reserve our arithmetic for material objects, and to govern these awful unknown quantities by other means!

The day grew strong, and showed itself outside, even against the flaming lights within. The lights were turned out, and the work went on. The rain fell, and the Smoke-serpents, submissive to the curse of all that tribe, trailed themselves upon the earth. In the waste-yard outside, the steam from the escape-pipe, the litter of barrels and old iron, the shining heaps of coals, the ashes everywhere, were shrouded in a veil of mist and rain.

The work went on, until the noon-bell rang. More clattering upon the pavements. The

looms, and wheels, and Hands, all out of gear for an hour.

Stephen came out of the hot mill into the damp wind and the cold wet streets, haggard and worn. He turned from his own class and his own quarter, taking nothing but a little bread as he walked along, towards the hill on which his principal employer lived, in a red house with black outside shutters, green inside blinds, a black street door, up two white steps, Bounderby (in letters very like himself) upon a brazen plate, and a round brazen door-handle underneath it like a brazen full-stop.

Mr. Bounderby was at his lunch. So Stephen had expected. Would his servant say that one of the Hands begged leave to speak to him? Message in return, requiring name of such Hand. Stephen Blackpool. There was nothing troublesome against Stephen Blackpool; yes, he might come in.

Stephen Blackpool in the parlor. Mr. Bounderby (whom he just knew by sight,) at lunch on chop and sherry. Mrs. Sparsit netting at the fireside, in a sidesaddle attitude, with one foot in a cotton stirrup. It was a part, at once of Mrs. Sparsit's dignity and service, not to lunch. She supervised the meal officially, but implied that in her own stately person she considered lunch a weakness.

"Now, Stephen," said Mr. Bounderby, "what's the matter with you?"

Stephen made a bow. Not a servile one—these Hands will never do that! Lord bless you, sir, you'll never catch them at that if they have been with you twenty years!—and, as a complimentary toilet for Mrs. Sparsit, tucked his neckerchief ends into his waistcoat.

"Now, you know," said Mr. Bounderby, taking some sherry, "we have never had any difficulty with you, and you have never been one of the unreasonable ones. You don't expect to be set up in a coach and six, and to be fed on turtle-soup and venison, with a gold spoon, as a good many of 'em do;" Mr. Bounderby always represented this to be the sole, immediate, and direct object of any Hand who was not entirely satisfied; "and therefore I know already that you have not come here to make a complaint. Now, you know, I am certain of that, beforehand."

"No, sir, sure I ha' not coom for nowt o' th' kind."

Mr. Bounderby seemed agreeably surprised,

notwithstanding his previous strong conviction.

"Very well," he returned. "You're a steady Hand, and I was not mistaken. Now, let me hear what it's all about. As it's not that, let me hear what it is. What have you got to say? Out with it, lad!"

Stephen happened to glance towards Mrs. Sparsit.

"I can go, Mr. Bounderby, if you wish it," said that self-sacrificing lady, making a feint of taking her foot out of the stirrup.

Mr. Bounderby stayed her, by holding a mouthful of chop in suspension before swallowing it, and putting out his left hand. Then, withdrawing his hand and swallowing his mouthful of chop, he said to Stephen:

"Now, you know, this good lady is a born lady, a high lady. You are not to suppose because she keeps my house for me, that she hasn't been very high up the tree—ah, up at the top of the tree! Now, if you have got anything to say that can't be said before a born lady, this lady will leave the room. If what you have got to say, *can* be said before a born lady, this lady will stay where she is."

"Sir, I hope I never had nowt to say, not fitten for a born lady to hear, sin' I were born mysen'," was the reply, accompanied with a slight flush.

"Very well," said Mr. Bounderby, pushing away his plate, and leaning back. "Fire away!"

"I ha' coom," Stephen began, raising his eyes from the floor, after a moment's consideration, "to ask yo' advice. I need 't overmuch. I were married on a Eas'r Monday nineteen year sin', long and dree. She were a young lass—pretty enow—wi' good accounts of hersen'. Well! She went bad—soon. Not along of me. Gonnows I were not a unkind husband to her."

"I have heard all this before," said Mr. Bounderby. "She found other companions, took to drinking, left off working, sold the furniture, pawned the clothes, and played old Gooseberry."

"I were patient wi' her."

("The more fool you, I think," said Mr. Bounderby, in confidence to his wine-glass.)

"I were very patient wi' her. I tried to wean her fra't, ower and ower agen. I tried this, I tried that, I tried t'other. I ha' gone

home, many's the time, and found all vanished as I had in the world, and her without a sense left to bless hersen' lying on bare ground. I ha' dun't not once, not twice—twenty time!"

Every line in his face deepened as he said it, and put in its affecting evidence of the suffering he had undergone.

"From bad to worse, from worse to worse. She left me. She disgraced hersen' everyways, bitter and bad. She coom back, she coom back, she coom back. What could I do t' hinder her? I ha' walked the streets night long, ere ever I'd go home. I ha' gone t' th' brigg, minded to fling mysen' ower, and ha' no more on't. I ha' bore that much, that I were owd when I were young."

Mrs. Sparsit, easily ambling along with her netting-needles, raised the Coriolanian eyebrows and shook her head, as much as to say, "The great know trouble as well as the small. Please to turn your humble eye in My direction."

"I ha' paid her to keep awa' fra' me. These five year I ha' paid her. I ha' gotten decent fewtrils about me agen. I ha' lived hard and sad, but not ashamed and fearfo' a' the minnits o' my life. Last night, I went home. There she lay upon my harston! There she is!"

In the strength of his misfortune, and the energy of his distress, he fired for the moment like a proud man. In another moment, he stood as he had stood all the time—his usual stoop upon him; his pondering face addressed to Mr. Bounderby, with a curious expression on it, half-shrewd, half-perplexed, as if his mind were set upon unravelling something very difficult; his hat held tight in his left hand, which rested on his hip; his right arm, with a rugged propriety and force of action, very earnestly emphasising what he said; not least so when it always paused, a little bent, but not withdrawn, as he paused.

"I was acquainted with all this, you know," said Mr. Bounderby, "except the last clause, long ago. It's a bad job; that's what it is. You had better have been satisfied as you were, and not have got married. However, it's too late to say that."

"Was it an unequal marriage, sir, in point of years?" asked Mrs. Sparsit.

"You hear what this lady asks. Was it an unequal marriage in point of years, this unlucky job of yours?" said Mr. Bounderby.

"Not e'en so. I were one-and-twenty mysen; she were twenty nighbout."

"Indeed, sir?" said Mrs. Sparsit to her Chief, with great placidity. "I inferred, from its being so miserable a marriage, that it was probably an unequal one in point of years."

Mr. Bounderby looked very hard at the good lady in a sidelong way that had an odd sheepishness about. He fortified himself with a little more sherry.

"Well? Why don't you go on?" he then asked, turning rather irritably on Stephen Blackpool.

"I ha coom to ask yo, sir, how I am to be ridden o' this woman."

Stephen infused a yet deeper gravity into the mixed expression of his attentive face. Mrs. Sparsit uttered a gentle ejaculation, as having received a moral shock.

"What do you mean?" said Bounderby, getting up to lean his back against the chimney-piece. "What are you talking about? You took her, for better for worse."

"I mun' be ridden o' her. I cannot bear't nommore. I ha' lived under't so long, for that I ha' had'n the pity and the comforting words o' th' best lass living or dead. Haply, but for her, I should ha' gone bottering mad."

"He wishes to be free, to marry the female of whom he speaks, I fear, sir," observed Mrs. Sparsit, in an undertone, and much dejected by the immorality of the people.

"I do. The lady says what's right. I do. I were a coming to't. I ha' read i' th' papers that great fok (fair faw 'em a'! I wishes 'em no hurt!) are not bonded together for better for worse so fast, but that they can be set free fra' their misfortnet marriages, and marry ower agen. When they dunnot agree, for that their tempers is ill-sorted, they have rooms of one kind an' another in their houses, and they can live asunders. We fok ha' only one room, and we can't. When that won't do, they ha, gowd and other cash, and they can say, This for yo, and that for me, and they can go their separate ways. We can't. Spite o' all that, they can be set free for smaller wrongs than is suffered by hundreds an' hundreds of us—by women fur more than men—they can be set free for smaller wrongs than mine. So, I mun be ridden o' this wife o' mine, and I wan t' know how?"

"No how," returned Mr. Bounderby.

"If I do her any hurt, sir, there's a law to punish me?"

"Of course, there is."

"If I flee from her, there's a law to punish me?"

"Of course, there is."

"If I marry t'other dear lass, there's a law to punish me?"

"Of course, there is."

"If I was to live wi' her an' not marry her—saying such a thing could be, which it never could or would, an' her so good—there's a law to punish me, in every innocent chilt belonging to me?"

"Of course, there is."

"Now, a' God's name," said Stephen Blackpool, "show me the law to help me!"

"There's a sanctity in this relation of life," said Mr. Bounderby, "and—and—it must be kept up."

"No, no, dunnot say that, sir. 'Tan't kep' up that way. Not that way. 'Tis kep' down that way. I'm a weaver, I were in a fac'ty when a chilt, but I ha' gotten een to see wi' and eern to hear wi'. I read in th' papers, every 'Sizes, every Sessions—and you read, too—I know it!—with dismay—how th' impossibility o' ever getting unchained from one another, at any price, on any terms, brings blood upon this land, and brings many common married fok (agen I say, women fur ofener than men) to battle, murder, and sudden death. Let us ha' this, right understood. Mine's a grievous case, an' I want—if yo will be so good—t' know the law that helps me."

"Now, I tell you what!" said Mr. Bounderby, putting his hands in his pockets. "There is such a law."

Stephen, subsiding into his quiet manner, and, never wandering in his attention, gave a nod.

"But it's not for you, at all. It costs money. It costs a mint of money."

"How much might that be?" Stephen calmly asked.

"Why, you'd have to go to Doctors' Commons with a suit, and you'd have to go to a court of Common Law with a suit, and you'd have to go to the House of Lords with a suit, and you'd have to get an Act of Parliament to enable you to marry again, and it would cost you (if it was a case of very plain-sailing) I suppose from a thousand to fifteen hundred

pound," said Mr. Bounderby. "Perhaps twice the money."

"There's no other law?"

"Certainly not."

"Why, then, sir," said Stephen, turning white, and motioning with that right hand of his, as if he gave everything to the four winds, "'tis a muddle. 'Tis just a muddle a' together, an' the sooner I am dead, the better."

(Mrs. Sparsit again dejected by the impiety of the people.)

"Pooh, pooh! Don't you talk nonsense, my good fellow," said Mr. Bounderby, "about things you don't understand; and don't you call the Institutions of your country a muddle, or you'll get yourself into a real muddle one of these fine mornings. The institutions of your country are not your piece-work, and the only thing you have got to do is, to mind your piece work. You didn't take your wife for fast and for loose; but for better for worse. If she has turned out worse—why, all we have got to say is, she might have turned out better."

"'Tis a muddle," said Stephen, shaking his head as he moved to the door. "'Tis a' a muddle!"

"Now, I'll tell you what!" Mr. Bounderby resumed, as a valedictory address. "With what I shall call your unhallowed opinions, you have been quite shocking this lady—who, as I have already told you, is a born lady, and who, as I have not already told you, has had her own marriage misfortunes to the tune of tens of thousands of pounds—tens of Thousands of Pounds!" (he repeated it with great relish.) "Now, you have always been a steady Hand hitherto; but my opinion is, and so I tell you plainly, that you are turning into the wrong road. You have been listening to some mischievous stranger or other—they're always about—and the best thing you can do is, to come out of that. Now, you understand"—here his countenance expressed marvellous acuteness—"I can see as far into a grindstone as another man: farther than a good many, perhaps, because I had my nose well kept to it when I was young. I see traces of the turtle soup, and venison, and gold spoon in this. Yes, I do!" cried Mr. Bounderby, shaking his head with obstinate cunning. "By the Lord Harry, I do!"

With a very different shake of the head and a deep sigh, Stephen said—

"Thank you, sir, I wish you good day."

So he left Mr. Bounderby swelling at his own portrait on the wall, as if he were going to explode himself into it; and Mrs. Sparsit, still ambling on with her foot in her stirrup, looking quite cast down by the popular vices.

CHAPTER XII.

Old Stephen descended the two white steps, shutting the black door with the brazen door-plate, by the aid of the brazen full-stop, to which he gave a parting polish with the sleeve of his coat, observing that his hot hand clouded it. He crossed the street with his eyes bent upon the ground, and thus was walking sorrowfully away, when he felt a touch upon his arm.

It was not the touch he needed most at such a moment—the touch that could calm the wild waters of his soul, as the uplifted hand of the sublimest love and patience could abate the raging of the sea—yet it was a woman's hand, too. It was an old woman, tall and shapely still, though withered by Time, on whom his eyes fell when he stopped and turned. She was very cleanly and plainly dressed, had country mud upon her shoes, and was newly come from a journey. The flutter of her manner, in the unwonted noise of the streets; the spare shawl, carried unfolded on her arm; the heavy umbrella and little basket; the loose, long-fingered gloves, to which her hands were unused; all bespoke an old woman from the country, in her plain holiday clothes, come into Coketown on an expedition of rare occurrence. Remarking this at a glance, with the quick observation of his class, Stephen Blackpool bent his attentive face—his face, which, like the faces of many of his order, by dint of long working with eyes and hands in the midst of a prodigious noise, had acquired the concentrated look with which we are familiar in the countenances of the deaf—the better to hear what she asked him.

"Pray, sir," said the old woman, "didn't I see you come out of that gentleman's house?" pointing back to Mr. Bounderby's. "I believe it was you, unless I have had the bad luck to mistake the person in following?"

"Yes, missus," returned Stephen, "it were me."

"Have you—you'll excuse an old woman's curiosity—have you seen the gentleman?"

"Yes, missus."

"And how did he look, sir? Was he portly, bold, outspoken, hearty?"

As she straightened her own figure, and held up her head in adapting her action to her words, the idea crossed Stephen that he had seen this old woman before, and had not quite liked her.

"Oh! yes," he returned, observing her more attentively, "he were all that."

"And healthy," said the old woman, "as the fresh wind?"

"Yes," returned Stephen. "He were ett'n and drinking—as large and as loud as a Hum-mobee."

"Thank you!" said the old woman, with infinite content. "Thank you!"

He certainly never had seen this old woman before. Yet there was a vague remembrance in his mind, as if he had more than once dreamed of some old woman like her.

She walked along at his side, and, gently accommodating himself to her humor, he said Coketown was a busy place, was it not? To which she answered, "Eigh sure! Dreadful busy!" Then he said, she came from the country, he saw? To which she answered in the affirmative.

"By Parliamentary, this morning. I came forty mile by Parliamentary this morning, and I'm going back the same forty mile this afternoon. I walked nine mile to the station this morning, and if I find nobody on the road to give me a lift, I shall walk the nine mile back to-night. That's pretty well, sir, at my age!" said the chatty old woman, her eyes brightening with exultation.

"Deed 'tis. Don't do't too often, missus."

"No, no. Once a year," she answered, shaking her head. "I spend my savings so, once every year. I come regular, to tramp about the streets, and see the gentleman."

"Only to see 'em?" returned Stephen.

"That's enough for me," she replied, with great earnestness and interest of manner. "I ask no more! I have been standing about, on this side of the way, to see that gentleman," turning her head back towards Mr. Bounderby's again, "come out. But, he's late this year, and I have not seen him. You came out, instead. Now, if I am obliged to go back without a glimpse of him—I only want a glimpse—well! I have seen you, and you have

seen him, and I must make that do." Saying this, she looked at Stephen as if to fix his features in her mind, and her eyes were not so bright as they had been.

With a large allowance for difference of tastes, and with all submission to the patri-cians of Coketown, this seemed so extraordinary a source of interest to take so much trouble about, that it perplexed him. But they were passing the church now, and as his eye caught the clock, he quickened his pace.

He was going to his work? the old woman said, quickening hers, too, quite easily. Yes, time was nearly out. On his telling her where he worked, the old woman became a more singular old woman than before.

"An't you happy?" she asked him.

"Why—there's—awmost nobbody but has their troubles, missus." He answered evasively, because the old woman appeared to take it for granted that he would be very happy indeed, and he had not the heart to disappoint her. He knew that their was trouble enough in the world; and if the old woman had lived so long, and could count upon his having so little, why so much the better for her, and none the worse for him.

"Ay, ay! You have your troubles at home, you mean?" she said.

"Times. Just now and then," he answered slightly.

"But, working under such a gentleman, they don't follow you to the Factory?"

"No, no; they didn't follow him there," said Stephen. "All correct there. Everything accordant there." (He did not go so far as to say, for her pleasure, that there was a sort of Divine Right there; but, I have heard claims almost as magnificent of late years.)

They were now in the black bye-road near the place, and the Hands were crowding in. The bell was ringing, and the Serpent was a serpent of many coils, and the Elephant was getting ready. The strange old woman was delighted with the very bell. It was the beautifullest bell she had ever heard, she said, and sounded grand!

She asked him, when he stopped good-naturedly to shake hands with her before going in, how long he had worked there?

"A dozen year," he told her.

"I must kiss the hand," said she, "that has worked in this fine factory for a dozen year!"

And she lifted it, though he would have prevented her, and put it to her lips. What harmony, besides her age and her simplicity, surrounded her, he did not know, but even in this fantastic action there was a something neither out of time nor place: a something which it seemed as if nobody else could have made as serious, or done with such a natural and touching air.

He had been at his loom full half an hour, thinking about this old woman, when, having occasion to move round the loom for its adjustment, he glanced through a window which was in his corner, and saw her still looking up at the pile of building, lost in admiration. Heedless of the smoke and mud and wet, and of her two long journeys, she was gazing at it, as if the heavy thrum that issued from its many stories were proud music to her.

She was gone by and by, and the day went after her, and the lights sprung up again, and the Express whirled in full sight of the Fairy Palace over the arches near: little felt amid the jarring of the machinery, and scarcely heard above its crash and rattle. Long before then, his thoughts had gone back to the dreary room above the little shop, and to the shameful figure heavy on the bed, but heavier on his heart.

Machinery slackened; throbbing feebly like a fainting pulse; stopped. The bell again; the glare of light and heat dispelled; the factories, looming heavy in the black wet night; their tall chimneys rising up into the air like competing Towers of Babel.

He had spoken to Rachael only last night, it was true, and had walked with her a little way; but he had his new misfortune on him, in which no one else could give him a moment's relief, and, for the sake of it, and because he knew himself to want that softening of his anger which no voice but hers could effect, he felt he might so far disregard what she had said as to wait for her again. He waited, but she had eluded him. She was gone. On no other night in the year, could he so ill have spared her patient face.

Oh! Better to have no home in which to lay his head, than to have a home and dread to go to it, through such a cause. He ate and drank, for he was exhausted—but, he little knew or cared what; and he wandered about in the

chill rain, thinking and thinking, and brooding and brooding.

No word of a new marriage had ever passed between them; but Rachael had taken great pity on him years ago, and to her alone he had opened his closed heart all this time, on the subject of his miseries; and he knew very well that if he were free to ask her, she would take him. He thought of the home he might at that moment have been seeking with pleasure and pride; of the different man he might have been that night; of the lightness then in his now heavy-laden breast; of the then restored honor, self-respect, and tranquillity, now all torn to pieces. He thought of the waste of the best part of his life, of the change it made in his character for the worse every way, of the dreadful nature of his existence, bound hand and foot to a dead woman, and tormented by a demon in her shape. He thought of Rachael, how young when they were first brought together in these circumstances, how mature now, how soon to grow old. He thought of the number of girls and women she had seen marry, how many homes with children in them she had seen grown up around her, how she had contentedly pursued her own lone quiet path—for him—and how he had sometimes seen a shade of melancholy on her blessed face, that smote him with remorse and despair. He set the picture of her up, beside the infamous image of last night; and thought, Could it be, that the whole earthly course of one so gentle, good, and self-denying, was subjugate to such a wretch as that!

Filled with these thoughts—so filled that he had an unwholesome sense of growing larger, of being placed in some new and diseased relation towards the objects among which he passed, of seeing the iris round every misty light turn red—he went home for shelter.

CHAPTER XIII.

A candle faintly burned in the window, to which the black ladder had often been raised for the sliding away of all that was most precious in this world to a striving wife and a brood of hungry babies; and Stephen added to his other thoughts the stern reflection that, of all the casualties of this existence upon earth, not one was dealt out with so unequal a hand as Death. The inequality of Birth was nothing to it. For, say that the child of a King

and the child of a Weaver were born to-night in the same moment, what was that disparity, to the death of any human creature who was serviceable to, or beloved by, another, while this abandoned woman lived on!

From the outside of his home, he gloomily passed to the inside, with suspended breath and with a slow footstep. He went up to his door, opened it, and so into the room.

Quiet and peace were there. Rachael was there, sitting by the bed.

She turned her head, and the light of her face shone in upon the midnight of his mind. She sat by the bed, watching and tending his wife. That is to say, he saw that some one lay there, and he knew too well it must be she; but Rachael's hands had put a curtain up, so that she was screened from his eyes. Her disgraceful garments were removed, and some of Rachael's were in the room. Everything was in its place and order as he had always kept it, the little fire was newly trimmed, and the hearth was freshly swept. It appeared to him that he saw all this in Rachael's face, and looked at nothing besides. While looking at it, it was shut out from his view by the softened tears that filled his eyes; but, not before he had seen how earnestly she looked at him, and how her own eyes were filled too.

She turned again towards the bed, and satisfying herself that all was quiet there, spoke in a low, calm, cheerful voice.

"I am glad you have come at last, Stephen. You are very late."

"I ha' been walking up an' down."

"I thought so. But 'tis too bad a night for that. The rain falls very heavy, and the wind has risen."

The wind? True. It was blowing hard. Hark to the thundering in the chimney, and the surging noise! To have been out in such a wind, and not to have known it was blowing!

"I have been here once before, to-day, Stephen. Landlady came round for me, at dinner-time. There was some one here that needed looking to, she said. And, 'deed, she was right. All wandering and lost, Stephen. Wounded, too, and bruised."

He slowly moved to a chair, and sat down, drooping his head before her.

"I came to do what little I could, Stephen; first, for that she worked with me when we

were girls both, and for that you courted her and married her when I was her friend—"

He laid his furrowed forehead on his hand, with a low groan.

"And next, for that I know your heart, and am right sure and certain that 'tis far too merciful to let her die, or even so much as suffer, for want of aid. Thou knowest who said, 'Let him who is without sin among you, cast the first stone at her!' There have been plenty to do that. Thou art not the man to cast the last stone, Stephen, when she is brought so low."

"Oh! Rachael, Rachael!"

"Thou hast been a cruel sufferer, Heaven reward thee!" she said, in compassionate accents. "I am thy poor friend, with all my heart and mind."

The wounds of which she had spoken seemed to be about the neck of the self-made outcast. She dressed them now, still without showing her. She steeped a piece of linen in a basin, into which she poured some liquid from a bottle, and laid it with a gentle hand upon the sore. The three-legged table had been drawn close to the bedside, and on it there were two bottles. This was one.

It was not so far off but that Stephen, following her hands with his eyes, could read what was printed on it, in large letters. He turned of a deadly hue, and a sudden horror seemed to fall upon him.

"I will stay here, Stephen," said Rachael, quietly resuming her seat, "till the bells go Three. 'Tis to be done again at three, and then she may be left till morning."

"But thy rest agen to-morrow's work, my dear."

"I slept sound, last night. I can wake many nights, when I am put to it. 'Tis thou who art in need of rest—so white and tired. Try to sleep in the chair, there, while I watch. Thou hadst no sleep, last night, I can well believe. To-morrow's work is far harder for thee than for me."

He heard the thundering and surging out of doors, and it seemed to him as if his late angry mood were going about trying to get at him. She had cast it out; she would keep it out; he trusted to her to defend him from himself.

"She don't know me, Stephen; she just drowsily mutters and stares. I have spoken

to her times and again, but she don't notice! 'Tis as well so. When she comes to her right mind once more, I shall have done what I can, and she never the wiser."

"How long, Rachael, is't looked for, that she'll be so?"

"Doctor said she would haply come to her mind, to-morrow."

His eyes again fell on the bottle, and a tremble passed over him, causing him to shiver in every limb. She thought he was chilled with the wet.

"No," he said; "it was not that. He had had a fright."

"A fright?"

"Ay, ay! coming in. When I were walking. When I were thinking. When I—"

It seized him again; and he stood up, holding by the mantel-shelf, as he pressed his dank cold hair down with a hand that shook as if it were palsied.

"Stephen!"

She was coming to him, but he stretched out his arm to stop her.

"No! Don't, please; don't! Let me see thee settin by the bed. Let me see thee, a' so good, and so forgiving. Let me see thee as I see thee when I coom in. I can never see thee better than so. Never, never, never!"

He had a violent fit of trembling, and then sunk into his chair. After a time, he controlled himself, and, resting with an elbow on one knee, and his head upon that hand, could look towards Rachael. Seen across the dim candle with his moistened eyes, she looked as if she had a glory shining round her head. He could have believed she had. He did believe it, as the noise without shook the window, rattled at the door below, and went about the house, clamoring and lamenting.

"When she gets better, Stephen, 'tis to be hoped she'll leave thee to thyself again, and do thee no more hurt. Anyways, we will hope so now. And now I shall keep silence, for I want thee to sleep."

He closed his eyes, more to please her than to rest his weary head; but, by slow degrees, as he listened to the great noise of the wind, he ceased to hear it, or it changed into the working of his loom, or even into the voices of the day (his own included) saying what had been really said. Even this imperfect consciousness faded away, at last, and he dreamed a long, troubled dream.

He thought that he, and some one on whom his heart had long been set—but she was not Rachael, and that surprised him, even in the midst of his imaginary happiness—stood in the church, being married. While the ceremony was performing, and while he recognised among the witnesses some whom he knew to be living, and many whom he knew to be dead, darkness came on, succeeded by the shining of a tremendous light. It broke from one line in the table of commandments at the altar, and illuminated the building with the words. They were sounded through the church, too, as if there were voices in the fiery letters. Upon this, the whole appearance before him and around him changed, and nothing was left as it had been but himself and the clergyman. They stood in the daylight, before a crowd so vast, that if all the people in the world could have been brought together into one space, they could not have looked, he thought, more numerous; and they all abhorred him, and there was not one pitying or friendly eye among the millions that were fastened on his face. He stood on a raised stage, under his own loom; and, looking up at the shape the loom took, and hearing the burial service distinctly read, he knew that he was there to suffer death. In an instant, what he stood on fell below him, and he was gone.

Out of what mystery he came back to his usual life, and to places that he knew, he was unable to consider; but he was back in those places by some means, and with this condemnation upon him, that he was never, in this world or the next, through all the unimaginable ages of eternity, to look on Rachael's face or hear her voice. Wandering to and fro, unceasingly, without hope, and in search of he knew not what (he only knew that he was doomed to seek it), he was the subject of a nameless, horrible dread, a mortal fear of one particular shape which everything took. Whatsoever he looked at grew into that form, sooner or later. The object of his miserable existence was to prevent its recognition by any one among the various people he encountered. Hopeless labor! If he led them out of rooms where it was, if he shut up drawers and closets where it stood, if he drew the curious from places where he knew it to be secreted, and got them out into the streets, the very chimneys of the mills assumed that shape, and round them was the printed word.

The wind was blowing again, the rain was beating on the ho-setops, and the larger spaces through which he had strayed contracted to the four walls of his room. Saving that the fire had died out, it was as his eyes had closed upon it. Rachel seemed to have fallen into a doze, in the chair by the bed. She sat wrapped in her shawl, perfectly still. The table stood in the same place, close by the bedside, and on it, in its real proportions and appearance, was the shape so often repeated.

He thought he saw the curtain move. He looked again, and he was sure it moved. He saw a hand come forth, and grope about a little. Then the curtain moved more perceptibly, and the woman in the bed put it back and sat up.

With her woful eyes, so haggard and wild, so heavy and large, she looked all around the room, and passed the corner where he slept in his chair. Her eyes returned to that corner, and she put her hand over them as a shade, while she looked into it. Again they went all round the room, scarcely heeding Rachel, if at all, and returned to that corner. He thought, as she once more shaded them—not so much looking at him, as looking for him with a brutish instinct that he was there—that no single trace was left in those debauched features, or in the mind that went along with them, of the woman he had married eighteen years before. But that he had seen her come to this by inches, he never could have believed her to be the same.

All this time, as if a spell were on him, he was motionless and powerless, except to watch her.

Stupidly dozing, or communing with her incapable self about nothing, she sat for a little while with her hands at her ears, and her head resting on them. Presently, she resumed her staring round the room. And now, for the first time, her eyes stopped at the table with the bottles on it.

Straightway she turned her eyes back to his corner, with the defiance of last night, and, moving very cautiously and softly, stretched out her greedy hand. She drew a mug into the bed, and sat for awhile considering which of the two bottles she should choose. Finally, she laid her insensate grasp upon the bottle that had swift and certain death in it, and,

before his eyes, pulled out the cork with her teeth.

Dream or reality, he had no voice, nor had he power to stir. If this be real, and her allotted time be not yet come, wake, Rachael, wake!

She thought of that, too. She looked at Rachael, and very slowly, very cautiously, poured out the contents. The draught was at her lips. A moment and she would be past all help, let the whole world wake and come about her with its utmost power. But, in that moment Rachael started up with a suppressed cry. The creature struggled, struck her, seized her by the hair; but Rachael had the cup.

Stephen broke out of his chair. "Rachael, am I wakin' or dreamin' this dreadfo' night!"

"'Tis all well, Stephen. I have been asleep myself. 'Tis near three. Hush! I hear the bells."

The wind brought the sounds of the church clock to the window. They listened, and it struck three. Stephen looked at her, saw how pale she was, noted the disorder of her hair, and the red marks of fingers on her forehead, and felt assured that his senses of sight and hearing had been awake. She held the cup in her hand even now.

"I thought it must be near three," she said, calmly pouring from the cup into the basin, and steeping the linen as before. "I am thankful I stayed! 'Tis done now, when I have put this on. There! And now she's quiet again. The few drops in the basin I'll pour away, for 'tis bad stuff to leave about, though ever so little of it."

As she spoke, she drained the basin into the ashes of the fire, and broke the bottle on the hearth.

She had nothing to do, then, but to cover herself with her shawl before going out into the wind and rain.

"Thou'lt let me walk wi' thee at this hour, Rachael?"

"No, Stephen. 'Tis but a minute and I'm home."

"Thou'rt not fearfo'," he said it in a low voice, as they went out at the door, "to leave me alone wi' her!"

As she looked at him, saying "Stephen?" he went down on his knee before her, on the

poor mean stairs, and put an end of her shawl to his lips.

"Thou art an Angel. Bless thee, bless thee!"

"I am, as I have told thee, Stephen, thy poor friend. Angels are not like me. Between them, and a working woman fu' of faults, there is a deep gulf set. My little sister is among them, but she is changed."

She raised her eyes for a moment as she said the words; and then they fell again, in all their gentleness and mildness, on his face.

"Thou changest me from bad to good. Thou mak'st me humbly wishfo' to be more like thee, and fearfo' to lose thee when this life is ower, an' a' the muddle cleared awa'. Thou'rt an Angel; it may be, thou hast saved my soul alive!"

She looked at him, on his knee at her feet, with her shawl still in his hand, and the re-proof on her lips died away when she saw the working of his face.

"I coom home desp'rate. I coom home wi'out a hope, and mad wi' thinking that when I said a word o' complaint, I was reckoned a onreasonable Hand. I told thee I had had a fright. It were the Poison-bottle on table. I never hurt a livin' creeter; but, happenin' so suddenly upon't, I thowt, 'How can I say what I might ha' done to mysen, or her, or both!'"

She put her two hands on his mouth, with a face of terror, to stop him from saying more. He caught them in his unoccupied hand, and holding them, and still clasping the border of her shawl, said, hurriedly:

"But I see thee, Rachael, setten' by the bed. I ha' seen thee a' this night. In my troublous sleep I ha' known thee still to be there. Evermore I will see there. I nevermore will see her or think o' her, but thou shalt be beside her. I nevermore will see or think o' anything that angers me, but thou, so much better than me, shalt be by th' side on't. And so I will try t' look t' th' time, and so I will try t' trust t' th' time, when thou and me at last shall walk together far awa', beyond the deep gulf, in th' country where thy little sister is."

He kissed the border of her shawl again, and let her go. She bade him good night in a broken voice, and went out into the street.

The wind blew from the quarter where the day would soon appear, and still blew strongly.

It had cleared the sky before it, and the rain had spent itself or travelled elsewhere, and the stars were bright. He stood bare-headed in the road, watching her quick disappearance. As the shining stars were to the heavy candle in the window, so was Rachael, in the rugged fancy of this man, to the common experiences of his life.

CHAPTER XIV.

Time went on in Coketown like its own machinery; so much material wrought up, so much fuel consumed, so many powers worn out, so much money made. But, less inexorable than iron, steel, and brass, it brought its varying seasons even into that wilderness of smoke and brick, and made the only stand that ever *was* made in the place against its direful uniformity.

"Louisa is becoming," said Mr. Gradgrind, "almost a young woman."

Time, with his innumerable horse-power, worked away, not minding what anybody said, and presently turned out young Thomas a foot taller than when his father had last taken particular notice of him.

"Thomas is becoming," said Mr. Gradgrind, "almost a young man."

Time passed Thomas on in the mill, while his father was thinking about it, and there he stood in a long tail-coat and a stiff shirt-collar.

"Really," said Mr. Gradgrind, "the period has arrived when Thomas ought to go to Bounderby."

Time, sticking to him, passed him on into Bounderby's Bank, made him an inmate of Bounderby's house, necessitated the purchase of his first razor, and exercised him diligently in his calculations relative to number one.

The same great manufacturer, always with an immense variety of work on hand, in every stage of development, passed Sissy onward in his mill, and worked her up into a very pretty article indeed.

"I fear, Jupe," said Mr. Gradgrind, "that your continuance at the school any longer, would be useless."

"I am afraid it would, sir," Sissy answered with a curtsey.

"I cannot disguise from you, Jupe," said Mr. Gradgrind, knitting his brow, "that the result of your probation there has disappointed

me; has greatly disappointed me. You have not acquired, under Mr. and Mrs. M'Choakumchild, anything like that amount of exact knowledge which I looked for. You are extremely deficient in your facts. Your acquaintance with figures is very limited. You are altogether backward and below the mark."

"I am sorry, sir," she returned; "but I know it is quite true. Yet I have tried hard, sir."

"Yes," said Mr. Gradgrind, "yes, I believe you have tried hard; I have observed you, and I can find no fault in that respect."

"Thank you, sir. I have thought sometimes," Sissy very timid here, "that perhaps I tried to learn too much, and that if I had asked to be allowed to try a little less, I might have—"

"No, Jupe, no," said Mr. Gradgrind, shaking his head in his profoundest and most eminently practical way. "No. The course you pursued, you pursued according to the system—the system—and there is no more to be said about it. I can only suppose that the circumstances of your early life were too unfavorable to the development of your reasoning powers, and that we began too late. Still, as I have said already, I am disappointed."

"I wish I could have made a better acknowledgment, sir, of your kindness to a poor forlorn girl who had no claim upon you, and of your protection of her."

"Don't shed tears," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Don't shed tears. I don't complain of you. You are an affectionate, earnest, good, young woman, and we must make that do."

"Thank you, sir, very much," said Sissy, with a grateful curtsy.

"You are useful to Mrs. Gradgrind, and (in a generally pervading way) you are serviceable in the family also; so I understand from Miss Louisa, and indeed, so I have observed myself. I therefore hope," said Mr. Gradgrind, "that you can make yourself happy in those relations."

"I should have nothing to wish, sir, if—"

"I understand you," said Mr. Gradgrind; "you still refer to your father. I have heard from Miss Louisa that you still preserve that bottle. Well! If your training in the science of arriving at exact results had been more successful, you would have been wiser on these points. I will say no more."

He really liked Sissy too well to have a contempt for her; otherwise he held her calculating

powers in such very slight estimation, that he must have fallen upon that conclusion. Somehow or other, he had become possessed by an idea that there was something in this girl which could hardly be set forth in a tabular form. Her capacity of definition might be easily stated at a very low figure, her mathematical knowledge at nothing; yet he was not sure that if he had been required, for example, to tick her off into columns in a parliamentary return, he would have quite known how to divide her.

In some stages of his manufacture of the human fabric, the processes of Time are very rapid. Young Thomas and Sissy being both at such a stage of their working up, these changes were effected in a year or two; while Mr. Gradgrind himself seemed stationary in his course, and underwent no alteration.

Except one, which was apart from his necessary progress through the mill. Time hustled him into a little noisy and rather dirty machinery, in a bye corner, and made him Member of Parliament for Coketown: one of the respected members for ounce weights and measures, one of the representatives of the multiplication table, one of the deaf honorable gentlemen, dumb honorable gentlemen, blind honorable gentlemen, lame honorable gentlemen, dead honorable gentlemen, to every other consideration. Else wherefore live we in a Christian land, eighteen hundred and odd years after our Master?

All this while, Louisa had been passing on, so quiet and reserved, and so much given to watching the bright ashes at twilight as they fell into the grate and became extinct, that from the period when her father had said that she was almost a young woman—which seemed but yesterday—she had scarcely attracted his notice again, when he found her quite a young woman.

"Quite a young woman," said Mr. Gradgrind, musing. "Dear me!"

Soon after this discovery he became more thoughtful than usual for several days, and seemed much engrossed by one subject. On a certain night, when he was going out, and Louisa came to bid him good bye before his departure—as he was not to be home until late and she would not see him again until the morning—he held her in his arms, looking at her in his kindest manner, and said:

"My dear Louisa, you are a woman!"

She answered with the old, quick, searching look of the night when she was found at the Circus; then cast down her eyes. "Yes, father."

"My dear," said Mr. Gradgrind. "I must speak with you alone and seriously. Come to me in my room after breakfast to-morrow, will you?"

"Yes, father."

"Your hands are rather cold, Louisa. Are you not well?"

"Quite well, father."

"And cheerful?"

She looked at him again, and smiled in her peculiar manner. "I am as cheerful, father, as I usually am, or usually have been."

"That's well," said Mr. Gradgrind. So, he kissed her and went away; and Louisa returned to the serene apartment of the hair-cutting character, and leaning her elbow on her hand, looked again at the short-lived sparks that so soon subsided into ashes.

"Are you there, Loo?" said her brother, looking in at the door. He was quite a young gentleman of pleasure now, and not quite a prepossessing one.

"Dear Tom," she answered, rising and embracing him, "how long it is since you have been to see me!"

"Why, I have been otherwise engaged, Loo, in the evenings; and in the daytime old Bounderby has been keeping me at it rather. But I touch him up with you, when he comes it too strong, and so we preserve an understanding. I say! Has father said anything particular to you, to-day or yesterday, Loo?"

"No, Tom. But he told me to-night that he wished to do so in the morning."

"Ah! That's what I mean," said Tom. "Do you know where he is to-night?"—with a very deep expression.

"No."

"Then I'll tell you. He's with old Bounderby. They are having a regular confab together, up at the Bank. Why at the Bank, do you think? Well, I'll tell you again. To keep Mrs. Sparsit's ears as far off as possible, I expect."

With her hand upon her brother's shoulder, Louisa still stood looking at the fire. Her brother glanced at her face with greater interest than usual, and, encircling her waist with his arm, drew her coaxingly to him.

"You are very fond of me, an't you, Loo?"

"Indeed I am, Tom, though you do let such long intervals go by without coming to see me."

"Well, sister of mine," said Tom, "when you say that, you are near my thoughts. We might be so much oftener together—mightn't we? Always together, almost—mightn't we? It would do me a great deal of good if you were to make up your mind to I know what, Loo. It would be a splendid thing for me. It would be uncommonly jolly!"

Her thoughtfulness baffled his cunning scrutiny. He could make nothing of her face. He pressed her in his arm, and kissed her cheek. She returned the kiss, but still looked at the fire.

"I say, Loo! I thought I'd come, and just hint to you what was going on: though I supposed you'd most likely guess, even if you didn't know. I can't stay, because I am engaged to some fellows to-night. You won't forget how fond you are of me?"

"No, dear Tom, I won't forget."

"That's a capital girl," said Tom. "Good bye, Loo."

She gave him an affectionate good night, and went out with him to the door, whence the fires of Coketown could be seen, making the distance lurid. She stood there, looking steadfastly towards them, and listening to his departing steps. They retreated quickly, as glad to get away from Stone Lodge; and she stood there yet, when he was gone, and all was quiet. It seemed as if, first in her own fire within the house, and then in the fiery haze without, she tried to discover what kind of woof Old Time, that greatest and longest-established Spinner of all, would weave from the threads he had already spun into a woman. But, his factory is a secret place, his work is noiseless, and his Hands are mutes.

CHAPTER XV.

Although Mr. Gradgrind did not take after Blue Beard, his room was quite a Blue chamber in its abundance of blue books. Whatever they could prove (which is usually anything you like), they proved there, in an army constantly strengthening by the arrival of new recruits. In that charmed apartment, the most complicated social questions were cast up, got into exact totals, and finally settled—if

those concerned could only have been brought to know it. As if an astronomical observatory should be made without any windows, and the astronomer within should arrange the starry universe solely by pen, ink, and paper, so Mr. Gradgrind, in his Observatory (and there are many like it) had no need to cast an eye upon the teeming myriads of human beings around him, but could settle all their destinies on a slate, and wipe out all their tears with one dirty little bit of sponge.

To this Observatory, then—a stern room, with a deadly-statistical clock in it, which measured every second with a beat like a rap upon a coffin-lid—Louisa repaired on the appointed morning. The window looked towards Coketown; and when she sat down near her father's table, she saw the high chimneys and the long tracks of smoke looming in the heavy distance gloomily.

"My dear Louisa," said her father, "I prepared you last night to give me your serious attention in the conversation we are now going to have together. You have been so well trained, and you do, I am happy to say, so much justice to the education you have received, that I have perfect confidence in your good sense. You are not impulsive, you are not romantic, you are accustomed to view everything from the strong, dispassionate ground of reason and calculation. From that ground alone, I know you will view and consider what I am going to communicate."

He waited, as if he would have been glad that she said something. But, she said never a word.

"Louisa, my dear, you are the subject of a proposal of marriage that has been made to me."

Again he waited, and again she answered not one word. This so far surprised him, as to induce him gently to repeat, "a proposal of marriage, my dear." To which, she returned without any visible emotion whatever:

"I hear you, father. I am attending, I assure you."

"Well!" said Mr. Gradgrind, breaking into a smile, after being for the moment at a loss, "you are even more dispassionate than I expected, Louisa. Or, perhaps you are not unprepared for the announcement I have it in charge to make?"

"I cannot say that, father, until I hear it. Prepared or unprepared, I wish to hear it all from you. I wish to hear you state it to me, father."

Strange to relate, Mr. Gradgrind was not so collected at this moment as his daughter was. He took a paper-knife in his hand, turned it over, laid it down, took it up again, and even then had to look along the blade of it, considering how to go on.

"What you say, my dear Louisa, is perfectly reasonable. I have undertaken then to let you know that—that Mr. Bounderby has informed me that he has long watched your progress with particular interest and pleasure, and has long hoped that the time might ultimately arrive when he should offer you his hand in marriage. That time, to which he has long, and certainly with great constancy, looked forward, is now come. Mr. Bounderby has made his proposal of marriage to me, and has entreated me to make it known to you, and to express his hope that you will take it into your favorable consideration."

Silence between them. The deadly-statistical clock very hollow. The distant smoke very black and heavy.

"Father," said Louisa, "do you think I love Mr. Bounderby?"

Mr. Gradgrind was extremely discomfited by this unexpected question. "Well, my child," he returned, "I really—cannot take upon myself to say."

"Father," pursued Louisa, in exactly the same voice as before, "do you ask me to love Mr. Bounderby?"

"My dear Louisa, no. No, I ask nothing."

"Father," she still pursued, "does Mr. Bounderby ask me to love him?"

"Really, my dear," said Mr. Gradgrind, "it is difficult to answer your question—"

"Difficult to answer it, Yes or No, father?"

"Certainly, my dear. Because;" here was something to demonstrate, and it set him up again; "because the reply depends so materially, Louisa, on the sense in which we use the expression. Now, Mr. Bounderby does not do you the injustice, and does not do himself the injustice, of pretending to anything fanciful, fantastic, or (I am using synonymous terms) sentimental. Mr. Bounderby would have seen you grow up under his eyes, to very little purpose, if he could so far forget what is due to

your good sense, not to say to his, as to address you from any such ground. Therefore, perhaps the expression itself—I merely suggest this to you, my dear—may be a little misplaced."

"What would you advise me to use in 'its stead, father?"

"Why, my dear Louisa," said Mr. Gradgrind, completely recovered by this time, "I would advise you, (since you ask me) to consider this question, as you have been accustomed to consider every other question, simply as one of tangible Fact. The ignorant and the giddy may embarrass such subjects with irrelevant fancies, and other absurdities that have no existence, properly viewed—really no existence—but it is no compliment to you to say, that you know better. Now, what are the Facts of this case? You are, we will say in round numbers, twenty years of age; Mr. Bounderby is, we will say in round numbers, fifty. There is some disparity in your respective years, but in your means and positions there is none; on the contrary, there is a great suitability. Then the question arises, Is this one disparity sufficient to operate as a bar to such a marriage? In considering this question, it is not unimportant to take into account the statistics of marriage, so far as they have yet been obtained, in England and Wales. I find, on reference to the figures, that a large proportion of these marriages are contracted between parties of very unequal ages, and that the elder of these contracting parties is, in rather more than three-fourths of these instances, the bridegroom. It is remarkable as showing the wide prevalence of this law, that among the natives of the British possessions in India, also in a considerable part of China, and among the Calmucks of Tartary, the best means of computation yet furnished us by travellers, yield similar results. The disparity I have mentioned, therefore, almost ceases to be disparity, and (virtually) all but disappears."

"What do you recommend, father," asked Louisa, her reserved composure not in the least affected by these gratifying results, "that I should substitute for the term I used just now? For the misplaced expression?"

"Louisa," returned her father, "it appears to me that nothing can be plainer. Confining yourself rigidly to Fact, the question of Fact you state to yourself is: Does Mr. Bounderby

ask me to marry him? Yes, he does. The sole remaining question then is: Shall I marry him? I think nothing can be plainer than that."

"Shall I marry him?" repeated Louisa, with great deliberation.

"Precisely. And it is satisfactory to me, as your father, my dear Louisa, to know that you do not come to the consideration of that question with the previous habits of mind, and habits of life, that belong to many young women."

"No, father," she returned, "I do not."

"I now leave you to judge for yourself," said Mr. Gradgrind. "I have stated the case, as such cases are usually stated among practical minds; I have stated it as the case of your mother and myself was stated in its time. The rest, my dear Louisa, is for you to decide."

From the beginning, she had sat looking at him fixedly. As he now leaned back in his chair, and bent his deep-set eyes upon her in his turn, perhaps he might have seen one wavering moment in her, when she was impelled to throw herself upon his breast, and give him the pent-up confidences of her heart. But, to see it, he must have overleaped at a bound the artificial barriers he had for many years been erecting, between himself and all those subtle essences of humanity which will elude the utmost cunning of algebra until the last trumpet ever to be sounded shall blow even algebra to wreck. The barriers were too many and too high for such a leap. He did not see it. With his unbending, utilitarian, matter-of-fact face, he hardened her again; and the moment shot away into the plumbless depths of the past, to mingle with all the lost opportunities that are drowned there.

Removing her eyes from him, she sat so long looking silently towards the town, that he said, at length: "Are you consulting the chimneys of the Coketown works, Louisa?"

"There seems to be nothing there, but languid and monotonous smoke. Yet when the night comes, Fire bursts out, father!" she answered, turning quickly.

"Of course I know that, Louisa. I do not see the application of the remark." To do him justice he did not, at all.

She passed it away with a slight motion of her hand, and concentrating her attention upon him again, said, "Father, I have often thought

that life is very short"—This was so distinctly one of his subjects that he interposed:

"It is short, no doubt, my dear. Still, the average duration of human life is proved to have increased of late years. The calculations of various life assurance and annuity offices, among other figures which cannot go wrong, have established the fact."

"I speak of my own life, father."

"Oh, indeed? Still," said Mr. Gradgrind, "I need not point out to you, Louisa, that it is governed by the laws which govern lives in the aggregate."

"While it lasts, I would wish to do the little I can, and the little I am fit for. What does it matter?"

Mr. Gradgrind seemed rather at a loss to understand the last four words; replying, "How matter? What matter, my dear?"

"Mr. Bounderby," she went on in a steady, straight way, without regarding this, "asks me to marry him. The question I have to ask myself is, shall I marry him? That is so, father, is it not? You have told me so, father. Have you not?"

"Certainly, my dear."

"Let it be so. Since Mr. Bounderby likes to take me thus, I am satisfied to accept his proposal. Tell him, father, as soon as you please, that this was my answer. Repeat it word for word, if you can, because I should wish him to know what I said."

"It is quite right, my dear," retorted her father approvingly, "to be exact. I will observe your very proper request. Have you any wish, in reference to the period of your marriage, my child?"

"None, father. What does it matter?"

Mr. Gradgrind had drawn his chair a little nearer to her, and taken her hand. But, her repetition of these words seemed to strike with some little discord on his ear. He paused to look at her, and, still holding her hand, said:

"Louisa, I have not considered it essential to ask you one question, because the possibility implied in it appeared to me to be too remote. But, perhaps I ought to do so. You have never entertained in secret any other proposal?"

"Father," she returned, almost scornfully, "what other proposal can have been made to me? Whom have I seen? Where have I been? What are my heart's experiences?"

"My dear Louisa," returned Mr. Gradgrind, re-assured and satisfied, "you correct me justly. I merely wished to discharge my duty."

"What do I know, father," said Louisa in her quiet manner, "of tastes and fancies; of aspirations and affections; of all that part of my nature in which such light things might have been nourished? What escape have I had from problems that could be demonstrated, and realities that could be grasped?"

As she said it, she unconsciously closed her hand, as if upon a solid object, and slowly opened it as though she were releasing dust or ash.

"My dear," assented her eminently practical parent, "quite true, quite true."

"Why, father," she pursued, "what a strange question to ask me! The baby-preference that even I have heard of as common among children, has never had its innocent resting-place in my breast. You have been so careful of me, that I never had a child's heart. You have trained me so well, that I never dreamed a child's dream. You have dealt so wisely with me, father, from my cradle to this hour, that I never had a child's belief or a child's fear."

Mr. Gradgrind was quite moved by his success and by this testimony to it.

"My dear Louisa," said he, "you abundantly repay my care. Kiss me, my dear girl."

So, his daughter kissed him. Detaining her in his embrace, he said, "I may assure you now, my favorite child, that I am made happy by the sound decision at which you have arrived. Mr. Bounderby is a very remarkable man; and what little disparity can be said to exist between you—if any—is more than counterbalanced by the tone your mind has acquired. It has always been my object so to educate you, as that you might, while still in your early youth, be (if I may so express myself) almost any age. Kiss me once more, Louisa. Now, let us go and find your mother."

Accordingly, they went down to the drawing-room, where the esteemed lady with no nonsense about her was recumbent as usual, while Sissy worked beside her. She gave some feeble signs of returning animation when they entered, and presently the faint transparency was presented in a sitting attitude.

"Mrs. Gradgrind," said her husband, who had waited for the achievement of this feat with some impatience, "allow me to present to you Mrs. Bounderby."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Gradgrind, "so you have settled it! Well, I am sure I hope your health may be good, Louisa; for if your head begins to split as soon as you are married, which was the case with mine, I cannot consider that you are to be envied, though I have no doubt you think you are, as all girls do. However, I give you joy, my dear—and I hope you may now turn all your ological studies to good account, I am sure I do! I must give you a kiss of congratulation, Louisa; but don't touch my right shoulder, for there's something running down it all day long. And now you see," whimpered Mrs. Gradgrind, adjusting her shawls after the affectionate ceremony, "I shall be worrying myself, morning, noon, and night, to know what I am to call him!"

"Mrs. Gradgrind," said her husband, solemnly, "what do you mean?"

"Whatever I am to call him, Mr. Gradgrind, when he is married to Louisa! I must call him something. It's impossible," said Mrs. Gradgrind, with a mingled sense of politeness and injury, "to be constantly addressing him, and never giving him a name. I cannot call him Josiah, for the name is insupportable to me. You yourself wouldn't hear of Joe, you very well know. Am I to call my own son-in-law, Mister? Not, I believe, unless the time has arrived when, as an invalid, I am to be trampled upon by my relations. Then, what am I to call him!"

Nobody present having any suggestion to offer in the remarkable emergency, Mrs. Gradgrind departed this life for the time being, after delivering the following codicil to her remarks already executed:

"As to the wedding, all I ask, Louisa, is—and I ask it with a fluttering in my chest, which actually extends to the soles of my feet—that it may take place soon. Otherwise, I know it is one of those subjects I shall never hear the last of."

When Mr. Gradgrind had presented Mrs. Bounderby, Sissy had suddenly turned her head, and looked, in wonder, in pity, in sorrow, in doubt, in a multitude of emotions, towards Louisa. Louisa had known it, and seen it, without looking at her. From that mo-

ment she was impassive, proud, and cold—held Sissy at a distance—changed to her altogether.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Bounderby's first disquietude, on hearing of his happiness, was occasioned by the necessity of imparting it to Mrs. Sparsit. He could not make up his mind how to do that, or what the consequences of the step might be. Whether she would instantly depart bag and baggage, to Lady Scadgers, or would positively refuse to budge from the premises; whether she would be plaintive or abusive, tearful or tearing; whether she would break her heart, or break the looking-glass; Mr. Bounderby could not at all foresee. However, as it must be done, he had no choice but to do it; so, after attempting several letters, and failing in them all, he resolved to do it by word of mouth.

On his way home, on the evening he set aside for this momentous purpose, he took the precaution of stepping into a chemist's shop and buying a bottle of the very strongest smelling-salts. "By George!" said Mr. Bounderby, "if she takes it in the fainting way, I'll have the skin off her nose, at all events!"

But, in spite of being thus forearmed, he entered his own house with anything but a courageous air; and appeared, before the object of his misgivings, like a dog who was conscious of coming direct from the pantry.

"Good evening, Mr. Bounderby!"

"Good evening, ma'am, good evening." He drew up his chair, and Mrs. Sparsit drew back hers, as who should say, "Your fireside, sir. I freely admit it. It is for you to occupy it all, if you think proper."

"Don't go the North Pole, ma'am!" said Mr. Bounderby.

"Thank you, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, and returned, though short of her former position.

Mr. Bounderby sat looking at her, as, with the points of a stiff, sharp pair of scissors, she picked out holes for some inscrutable ornamental purpose, in a piece of cambric. An operation which, taken in connexion with the bushy eyebrows and the Roman nose, suggested with some liveliness the idea of a hawk engaged upon the eyes of a tough little bird. She was so stedfastly occupied, that many minutes elapsed before she looked up from her work;

when she did so, Mr. Bounderby bespoke her attention with a hitch of his head.

"Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am," said Mr. Bounderby, putting his hands in his pockets, and assuring himself with his right hand that the cork of the little bottle was ready for use, "I have no occasion to say to you that you are not only a lady born and bred, but a very sensible woman."

"Sir," returned the lady, "this is, indeed, not the first time that you have honored me with similar expressions of your good opinion."

"Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am," said Mr. Bounderby, "I am going to astonish you."

"Yes, sir?" returned Mrs. Sparsit, interrogatively, and in the most tranquil manner possible. She generally wore mittens, and she now laid down her work, and smoothed those mittens.

"I am going, ma'am," said Bounderby, "to marry Tom Gradgrind's daughter."

"Yes, sir?" returned Mrs. Sparsit. "I hope you may be happy, Mr. Bounderby. Oh! indeed, I hope you may be happy, sir!"

And she said it with such great condescension, as well as with such great compassion for him, that Bounderby—far more disconcerted than if she had thrown her work-box at the mirror, or swooned on the hearth-rug—corked up the smelling salts tight in his pocket, and thought—

"Now, confound this woman; who could have ever guessed that she would take it in this way!"

"I wish with all my heart, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, in a highly superior manner; somehow she seemed, in a moment, to have established a right to pity him ever afterwards; "that you may be in all respects very happy."

"Well, ma'am," returned Bounderby, with some resentment in his tone: which was clearly lowered, though in spite of himself, "I am obliged to you. I hope I shall be."

"Do you, sir?" said Mrs. Sparsit, with great affability. "But naturally you do; of course, you do."

A very awkward pause on Mr. Bounderby's part succeeded. Mrs. Sparsit sedately resumed her work, and occasionally gave a small cough, which sounded like the cough of conscious strength and forbearance.

"Well, ma'am," resumed Bounderby, "under these circumstances, I imagine it would

not be agreeable to a character like yours to remain here, though you would be very welcome here?"

"Oh! dear, no, sir, I could on no account think of that!"

Mrs. Sparsit shook her head, still in her highly superior manner, and a little changed the small cough—coughing now, as if the spirit of prophecy rose within her, but had better be coughed down.

"However, ma'am," said Bounderby, "there are apartments at the Bank, where a born and bred lady, as keeper of the place, would be rather a catch than otherwise; and if the same terms—"

"I beg your pardon, sir. You were so good as to promise that you would always substitute the phrase—annual compliment."

"Well, ma'am, annual compliment. If the same annual compliment would be acceptable there, why, I see nothing to part us unless you do."

"Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit. "The proposal is like yourself, and if the position I should assume at the Bank is one that I could occupy without descending lower in the social scale—"

"Why, of course, it is," said Bounderby. "If it was not, ma'am, you don't suppose that I should offer it to a lady who has moved in the society you have moved in. Not that I care for such society, you know! But you do."

"Mr. Bounderby, you are very considerate."

"You'll have your own private apartments, and you'll have your coals and your candles and all the rest of it, and you'll have your maid to attend upon you, and you'll have your light porter to protect you, and you'll be what I take the liberty of considering precious comfortable," said Bounderby.

"Sir," rejoined Mrs. Sparsit, "say no more. In yielding up my trust here, I shall not be freed from the necessity of eating the bread of dependence"—she might have said the sweetbread, for that delicate article in a savory brown sauce was her favorite supper—"and I would rather receive it from your hand than from any other. Therefore, sir, I accept your offer gratefully, and with many sincere acknowledgments for past favors. And I hope, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, concluding in an impressively compassionate manner, "I fondly

hope that Miss Gradgrind may be all you desire and deserve!"

Nothing moved Mrs. Sparsit from that position any more. It was in vain for Bounderby to bluster, or to assert himself in any of his explosive ways; Mrs. Sparsit was resolved to have compassion on him, as a Victim. She was polite, obliging, cheerful, hopeful; but the more polite, the more obliging, the more cheerful, the more hopeful, the more exemplary altogether, she; the forlorn Sacrifice and Victim, he. She had that tenderness for his melancholy fate, that his great red countenance used to break out into cold perspirations when she looked at him.

Meanwhile, the marriage was appointed to be solemnised in eight weeks' time, and Mr. Bounderby went every evening to Stone Lodge as an accepted wooer. Love was made on these occasions in the form of bracelets; and, on all occasions during the period of betrothal, took a manufacturing aspect. Dresses were made, jewelry was made, cakes and gloves were made, settlements were made, and an extensive assortment of Facts did appropriate honor to the contract. The business was all Fact, from first to last. The Hours did not go through any of those rosy performances, which foolish poets have ascribed to them at such times; neither did the clocks go any faster, or any slower, than at other seasons. The deadly-statistical recorder in the Gradgrind observatory knocked every second on the head as it was born, and buried it with his accustomed regularity.

So the day came, as all other days come to people who will only stick to reason; and when it came, there were married in the church of the florid wooden legs—that popular order of architecture—Josiah Bounderby, Esquire, of Coketown, to Louisa, eldest daughter of Thomas Gradgrind, Esquire, of Stone Lodge, M. P. for that borough. And when they were united in holy matrimony, they went home to breakfast at Stone Lodge aforesaid.

There was an improving party assembled on the auspicious occasion, who knew what everything they had to eat and drink was made of, and how it was imported or exported, and in what quantities, and in what bottoms, whether native or foreign, and all about it. The bridesmaids, down to little Jane Gradgrind, were, in an intellectual point of view,

fit helpmates for the calculating boy; and there was no nonsense about any of the company.

After breakfast, the bridegroom addressed them in the following terms.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown. Since you have done my wife and myself the honor of drinking our healths and happiness, I suppose I must acknowledge the same; though, as you all know me, and know what I am, and what my extraction was, you won't expect a speech from a man who, when he sees a Post, says 'that's a Post,' and when he sees a Pump, says 'that's a Pump,' and is not to be got to call a Post a Pump, or a Pump a Post, or either of them a Toothpick. If you want a speech, this morning, my friend and father-in-law, Tom Gradgrind, is a Member of Parliament, and you know where to get it. I am not your man. However, if I feel a little independent when I look around this table, to-day, and reflect how little I thought of marrying Tom Gradgrind's daughter when I was a ragged street-boy, who never washed his face unless it was at a pump, and that not oftener than once a fortnight, I hope I may be excused. So, I hope you like my feeling independent. If you don't, I can't help it. I *do* feel independent. Now, I have mentioned, and you have mentioned, that I am this day married to Tom Gradgrind's daughter. I am very glad to be so. It has long been my wish to be so. I have watched her bringing-up, and I believe she is worthy of me. At the same time—not to deceive you—I believe I am worthy of her. So, I thank you, on both our parts, for the good-will you have shown towards us; and the best wish I can give the unmarried part of the present company, is this: I hope every bachelor may find as good a wife as I have found. And I hope every spinster may find as good a husband as my wife has found."

Shortly after which oration, as they were going on a nuptial trip to Lyons, in order that Mr. Bounderby might take the opportunity of seeing how the Hands got on in those parts, and whether they, too, required to be fed with gold spoons, the happy pair departed for the railroad. The bride, in passing down stairs, dressed for her journey, found Tom waiting for her—flushed, either with his feelings or the vinous part of the breakfast.

"What a game girl you are, to be such a first-rate sister, Loo!" whispered Tom.

She clung to him, as she should have clung to some far better nature, that day, and was a little shaken in her reserved composure for the first time.

"Old Bounderby's quite ready," said Tom. "Time's up. Good bye! I shall be on the lookout for you, when you come back. say, I my dear Loo! AIN'T it uncommonly jolly, now?"

CHAPTER XVII.

A sunny midsummer day. There was such a thing sometimes, even in Coketown.

Seen from a distance in such weather, Coketown lay shrouded in a haze of its own, which appeared impervious to the sun's rays. You only knew the town was there, because you know there could have been no such sulky blotch upon the prospect without a town. A blur of soot and smoke, now confusedly tending this way, now that way, now aspiring to the vault of heaven, now murkily creeping along the earth, as the wind rose and fell, or changed its quarter; a dense formless jumble, with sheets of cross-light in it, that showed nothing but masses of darkness: Coketown in the distance was suggestive of itself, though not a brick of it could be seen.

The wonder was, it was there at all. It had been ruined so often, that it was amazing how it had borne so many shocks. Surely there never was such fragile China-ware as that of which the millers of Coketown were made. Handle them never so lightly, and they fell to pieces with such ease that you might suspect them of having been flawed before. They were ruined, when they were required to send laboring children to school; they were ruined, when inspectors were appointed to look into their works; they were ruined, when such inspectors considered it doubtful whether they were quite justified in chopping people up with their machinery; they were utterly undone, when it was hinted that perhaps they need not always make quite so much smoke. Besides Mr. Bounderby's gold spoon which was generally received in Coketown, another prevalent fiction was very popular there. It took the form of a threat. Whenever a Coketowner felt he was ill-used—that is to say, whenever he was not left entirely alone, and it was pro-

posed to hold him accountable for the consequences of any of his acts—he was sure to come out with the awful menace, that he would "sooner pitch his property into the Atlantic." This had terrified the Home Secretary within an inch of his life, on several occasions.

However, the Coketowners were so patriotic after all, that they never had pitched their property into the Atlantic yet, but on the contrary, had been kind enough to take mighty good care of it. So there it was, in the haze yonder; and it increased and multiplied.

The streets were hot and dusty on the Summer day, and the sun was so bright that it even shone through the heavy vapor drooping over Coketown, and could not be looked at steadily. Stokers emerged from low underground dooways into factory yards, and sat on steps, and posts, and palings, wiping their swarthy visages, and contemplating coals. The whole town seemed to be frying in oil. There was a stifling smell of hot oil everywhere. The steam-engines shone with it, the dresses of the Hands were soiled with it, the mills throughout their many stories oozed and trickled it. The atmosphere of those Fairy palaces was like the breath of the simoom; and their inhabitants, wasting with heat, toiled languidly in the desert. But no temperature made the melancholy mad elephants more mad or more sane. Their wearisome heads went up and down at the same rate, in hot weather and cold, wet weather and dry, fair weather and foul. The measured motion of their shadows on the walls, was the substitute Coketown had to show for the shadows of rustling woods; while, for the summer hum of insects, it could offer, all the year round, from the dawn of Monday to the night of Saturday, the whirr of shafts and wheels.

Drowsily they whirled all through this sunny day, making the passenger more sleepy and more hot as he passed the humming walls of the mills. Sun-blinds, and sprinklings of water, a little cooled the main streets and the shops; but the mills, and the courts and alleys, baked at a fierce heat. Down upon the river that was black and thick with dye, some Coketown boys who were at large—a rare sight there—rowed a crazy boat, which made a spumous track upon the water as it jogged along, while every dip of an oar stirred up vile smells. But the sun itself, however beneficent generally,

was less kind to Coketown than hard frost, and rarely looked intently into any of its closer regions without engendering more death than life. So does the eye of Heaven itself become an evil eye, when incapable or sordid hands are interposed between it and the things it looks upon to bless.

Mrs. Sparsit sat in her afternoon apartment at the Bank, on the shadier side of the frying street. Office-hours were over; and at that period of the day, in warm weather, she usually embellished with her genteel presence, a managerial board-room over the public office. Her own private sitting-room was a story higher, at the window of which post of observation she was ready, every morning, to greet Mr. Bounderby as he came across the road with the sympathising recognition appropriate to a Victim. He had been married now a year; and Mrs. Sparsit had never released him from her determined pity a moment.

The Bank offered no violence to the wholesome monotony of the town. It was another red brick house, with black outside shutters, green inside blinds, a black street door up two white steps, a brazen door-plate, and a brazen door handle full stop. It was a size larger than Mr. Bounderby's house, as other houses were from a size to half-a-dozen sizes smaller; in all other particulars, it was strictly according to pattern.

Mrs. Sparsit was conscious that by coming in the evening-tide among the desks and writing implements, she shed a feminine, not to say also aristocratic, grace upon the office. Seated with her needle work or netting apparatus at the window, she had a self-laudatory sense of correcting, by her lady-like deportment, the rude business aspect of the place. With this impression of her interesting character upon her, Mrs. Sparsit considered herself, in some sort, the Bank Fairy. The townspeople who, in their passing and repassing, saw her there, regarded her as the Bank Dragon, keeping watch over the treasures of the mine.

What those treasures were, Mrs. Sparsit knew as little as they did. Gold and silver coin, precious paper, secrets that if divulged would bring vague destruction upon vague persons (generally, however, people whom she disliked,) were the chief items in her ideal catalogue thereof. For the rest, she knew that after office hours, she reigned supreme over all

the office furniture, and over a locked-up iron room with three locks, against the door of which strong chamber the light porter laid his head every night on a truckle bed that disappeared at cockcrow. Further, she was lady paramount over certain vaults in the basement, sharply spiked off from communication with the predatory world; and over the relics of the current day's work, consisting of blots of ink, worn-out pens, fragments of wafers, and scraps of paper torn so small, that nothing interesting could ever be deciphered on them when Mrs. Sparsit tried. Lastly, she was guardian over a little armory of cutlasses and carbines, arrayed in vengeful order above one of the official chimney-pieces; and over that respectable tradition never to be separated from a place of business claiming to be wealthy—a row of fire-buckets—vessels calculated to be of no physical utility on any occasion, but observed to exercise a fine moral influence, almost equal to bullion, on most beholders.

A deaf serving-woman and the light porter completed Mrs. Sparsit's empire. The deaf serving-woman was rumored to be wealthy; and a saying had for years gone about among the lower orders of Coketown, that she would be murdered some night when the Bank was shut, for the sake of her money. It was generally considered, indeed, that she had been due some time, and ought to have fallen long ago; but she had kept her life, and her situation, with an ill-conditioned tenacity that occasioned much offence and disappointment.

Mr. Sparsit's tea was just set for her on a pert little table, with its tripod of legs in an attitude, which she insinuated after office-hours, into the company of the stern, leathern-topped, long board-table that bestrode the middle of the room. The light porter placed the tea-tray on it, knuckling his forehead as a form of homage.

"Thank you, Bitzer," said Mrs. Sparsit.

"Thank you, ma'am," returned the light porter. He was a very light porter indeed; as light as in the days when he blinkingly defined a horse, for girl number twenty.

"All is shut up, Bitzer?" said Mrs. Sparsit.

"All is shut up, ma'am."

"And what," said Mrs. Sparsit, pouring out her tea, "is the news of the day? Anything?"

"Well, ma'am, I can't say that I have heard

anything particular. Our people are a bad lot, ma'am; but that is no news, unfortunately."

"What are the restless wretches doing now?" asked Mrs. Sparsit.

"Merely going on in the old way, ma'am. Uniting, and leaguings, and engaging to stand by one another."

"It is much to be regretted," said Mrs. Sparsit, making her nose more Roman and her eyebrows more Caroleanian in the strength of her severity, "that the united masters allow of any such class combinations."

"Yes, ma'am," said Bitzer.

"Being united themselves, they ought one and all to set their faces against employing any man who is united with any other man," said Mrs. Sparsit.

"They have done that, ma'am," returned Bitzer; "but—it rather fell through, ma'am."

"I do not pretend to understand these things," said Mrs. Sparsit, with dignity, "my lot having been originally cast in a widely different sphere; and Mr. Sparsit, as a Fowler, being also quite out of the pale of any such dissensions. I only know that these people must be conquered, and that it's high time it was done, once for all."

"Yes, ma'am," returned Bitzer, with a demonstration of great respect for Mrs. Sparsit's oracular authority. "You couldn't put it clearer, I am sure, ma'am."

As this was his usual hour for having a little confidential chat with Mrs. Sparsit, and as he had already caught her eye and seen that she was going to ask him something, he made a pretence of arranging the rulers, inkstands, and so forth, while that lady went on with her tea, glancing through the open window down into the street.

"Has it been a busy day, Bitzer?" asked Mrs. Sparsit.

"Not a very busy day, my lady. About an average day."

He now and then slid into my lady, instead of ma'am, as an involuntary acknowledgment of Mrs. Sparsit's personal dignity and claims to reverence.

"The clerks," said Mrs. Sparsit, carefully brushing an imperceptible crumb of bread and butter from her left-hand mitten, "are trustworthy, punctual, and industrious, of course?"

"Yes, ma'am, pretty fair, ma'am. With the usual exception."

He held the respectable office of general spy and informer in the establishment, for which volunteer service he received a present at Christmas, over and above his weekly wage. He had grown into an extremely clear-headed, cautious, prudent young man, who was safe to rise in the world. His mind was so exactly regulated, that he had no affections or passions. All his proceedings were the result of the nicest and coldest calculation; and it was not without cause that Mrs. Sparsit habitually observed of him, that he was a young man of the steadiest principle she had ever known. Having satisfied himself, on his father's death, that his mother had a right of settlement in Coketown, this excellent young economist had asserted that right for her with such a steadfast adherence to the principle of the case, that she had been shut up in the workhouse ever since. It must be admitted that he allowed her half a pound of tea a year, which was weak in him; first, because all gifts have an inevitable tendency to pauperise the recipient, and secondly, because his only reasonable transaction in that commodity would have been to buy it for as little as he could possibly give, and sell it for as much as he could possibly get; it having been clearly ascertained by philosophers that in this is comprised the whole duty of man—not a part of man's duty, but the whole.

"Pretty fair, ma'am. With the usual exception, ma'am," repeated Bitzer.

"Ah—h!" said Mrs. Sparsit, shaking her head over her tea-cup, and taking a long gulp.

"Mr. Thomas, ma'am, I doubt Mr. Thomas very much, ma'am, I don't like his ways at all."

"Bitzer," said Mrs. Sparsit, in a very impressive manner, "do you recollect my having said anything to you respecting names?"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. It's quite true that you did object to names being used, and they're always best avoided."

"Please to remember that I have a charge here," said Mrs. Sparsit, with her air of state. "I hold a trust here, Bitzer, under Mr. Boun-derby. However improbable both Mr. Boun-derby and myself might have deemed it years ago, that he would ever become my patron, making me an annual compliment, I cannot but regard him in that light. From Mr. Boun-derby I have received every acknowledgment

of my social station, and every recognition of my family descent, that I could possibly expect. More, far more. Therefore, to my patron I will be scrupulously true. And I do not consider, I will not consider, I cannot consider," said Mrs. Sparsit, with a most extensive stock on hand of honor and morality, "that I *should* be scrupulously true, if I allowed names to be mentioned under this roof, that are unfortunately—most unfortunately—no doubt of that—connected with his."

Bitzer knuckled his forehead again, and again begged pardon.

"No, Bitzer," continued Mrs. Sparsit, "say an individual, and I will hear you; say Mr. Thomas, and you must excuse me."

"With the usual exception, ma'am," said Bitzer, trying back, "of an individual."

"Ah—h!"

Mrs. Sparsit repeated the ejaculation, the shake of the head over her tea-cup, and the long gulp, as taking up the conversation again at the point where it had been interrupted.

"An individual, ma'am," said Bitzer, "has never been what he ought to have been, since he first came into the place. He is a dissipated, extravagant idler. He is not worth his salt, ma'am. He wouldn't get it either, if he hadn't a friend and relation at court, ma'am!"

"Ah—h!" said Mrs. Sparsit, with another melancholy shake of her head.

"I only hope, ma'am," pursued Bitzer, "that his friend and relation may not supply him with the means of carrying on. Otherwise, ma'am, we know out of whose pocket *that* money comes."

"Ah—h!" sighed Mrs. Sparsit again, with another melancholy shake of her head.

"He is to be pitied, ma'am. The last party I have alluded to, is to be pitied, ma'am," said Bitzer.

"Yes, Bitzer," said Mrs. Sparsit. "I have always pitied the delusion, always."

"As to an individual, ma'am," said Bitzer, dropping his voice and drawing nearer, "he is as improvident as any of the people in this town. And you know what *their* improvidence is, ma'am. No one could wish to know it better than a lady of your eminence does."

"They would do well," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "to take example by you, Bitzer."

"Thank you, ma'am. But, since you do refer to me, now look at me, ma'am. I have

put by a little, ma'am, already. That gratuity which I receive at Christmas, ma'am; I never touch it. I don't even go to the length of my wages, though they're not high, ma'am. Why can't they do as I have done, ma'am? What one person can do, another can do."

This, again, was among the fictions of Coketown. Any capitalist there, who had made sixty thousand pounds out of sixpence, always professed to wonder why the sixty thousand nearest Hands didn't each make sixty thousand pounds out of sixpence, and more or less reproached them every one for not accomplishing the little feat. What I did, you can do. Why don't you go and do it?

"As to their wanting recreations, ma'am," said Bitzer, "it's stuff and nonsense. I don't want recreations. I never did, and I never shall; I don't like 'em. As to their combining together, there are many of them, I have no doubt, that by watching and informing upon one another could earn a trifle now and then, whether in money or good will, and improve their livelihood. Then, why don't they improve it, ma'am? It's the first consideration of a rational creature, and it's what they pretend to want."

"Pretend indeed!" said Mrs. Sparsit.

"I am sure we are constantly hearing, ma'am, till it becomes quite nauseous, concerning their wives and families," said Bitzer.

"Why look at me, ma'am! I don't want a wife and family. Why should they?"

"Because they are improvident," said Mrs. Sparsit.

"Yes, ma'am," returned Bitzer, "that's where it is. If they were more provident and less perverse, ma'am, what would they do? They would say, 'While my hat covers my family,' or, 'while my bonnet covers my family'—as the case might be, ma'am—I have only one to feed, and that's the person I most like to feed."

"To be sure," assented Mrs. Sparsit, eating muffin.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Bitzer, knuckling his forehead again, in return for the favor of Mrs. Sparsit's improving conversation. "Would you wish a little more hot water, ma'am, or is there anything else that I could fetch you?"

"Nothing just now, Bitzer."

"Thank you, ma'am. I shouldn't wish to

disturb you at your meals, ma'am, particularly tea, knowing your partiality for it," said Bitzer, craning a little to look over into the street from where he stood: "but there's a gentleman been looking up here for a minute or so, ma'am, and he has come across as if he was going to knock. That is his knock, ma'am, no doubt."

He stepped to the window, and looking out, and drawing in his head again, confirmed himself with, "Yes, ma'am. Would you wish the gentleman to be shown in, ma'am?"

"I don't know who it can be," said Mrs. Sparsit, wiping her mouth and arranging her mittens.

"A stranger, ma'am, evidently."

"What a stranger can want at the Bank at this time of the evening, unless he comes upon some business for which he is too late, I don't know," said Mrs. Sparsit; "but I hold a charge in this establishment from Mr. Bounderby, and I will never shrink from it. If to see him is any part of the duty I have accepted, I will see him. Use your own discretion, Bitzer."

Here the visitor, all unconscious of Mrs. Sparsit's magnanimous words, repeated his knock so loudly that the light porter hastened down to open the door; while Mrs. Sparsit took the precaution of concealing her little table, with all its appliances upon it, in a cupboard, and then decamped up stairs that she might appear, if needful, with the greater dignity.

"If you please, ma'am, the gentleman would wish to see you," said Bitzer, with his light eye at Mrs. Sparsit's keyhole. So, Mrs. Sparsit, who had improved the interval by touching up her cap, took her classical features down stairs again, and entered the board room in the manner of a Roman matron going outside the city walls to treat with an invading general.

The visitor having strolled to the window, and being then engaged in looking carelessly out, was as unmoved by this impressive entry as man could possibly be. He stood whistling to himself with all imaginable coolness, with his hat still on, and a certain air of exhaustion upon him, in part arising from excessive summer, and in part from excessive gentility. For, it was to be seen with half an eye that he was a thorough gentleman, made to the model of

the time; weary of everything, and putting no more faith in anything than Lucifer.

"I believe, sir," quoth Mrs. Sparsit, "you wished to see me."

"I beg your pardon," he said, turning and removing his hat; "pray excuse me."

"Humph!" thought Mrs. Sparsit, as she made a stately bend. "Five and thirty, good-looking, good figure, good teeth, good voice, good breeding, well dressed, dark hair, bold eyes." All which Mrs. Sparsit observed in her womanly way—like the Sultan who put his head in the pail of water—merely in dipping down and coming up again.

"Please to be seated, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit.

"Thank you. Allow me." He placed a chair for her, but remained himself carelessly lounging against the table. "I left my servant at the railway, looking after the luggage—very heavy train and vast quantity of it in the van—and strolled on, looking about me. Exceedingly odd place. Will you allow me to ask you if it's *always* as black as this?"

"In general, much blacker," returned Mrs. Sparsit, in her uncompromising way.

"Is it possible! Excuse me: you are not a native, I think?"

"No, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit. "It was once my good or ill fortune, as it may be—before I became a widow—to move in a very different sphere. My husband was a Powler."

"Beg your pardon, really!" said the stranger. "Was—?"

Mrs. Sparsit repeated, "A Powler."

"Powler Family?" said the stranger, after reflecting a few moments.

Mrs. Sparsit signified assent. The stranger seemed a little more fatigued than before.

"You must be very much bored here?" was the inference he drew from the communication.

"I am the servant of circumstances, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, "and I have long adapted myself to the governing power of my life."

"Very philosophical," returned the stranger; "and very exemplary and laudable, and—" It seemed to be scarcely worth his while to finish the sentence, so he played with his watch-chain, wearily.

"May I be permitted to ask, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, "to what I am indebted for the favor of—"

"Assuredly," said the stranger. "Much obliged to you for reminding me. I am the

bearer of a letter of introduction to Mr. Bounderby, the banker. Walking through this extraordinarily black town, while they were getting dinner ready at the hotel, I asked a fellow whom I met—one of the working people—who appeared to have been taking a shower-bath of something fluffy, which I assume to be the raw material;—”

Mrs Sparsit inclined her head.

“—Raw material—where Mr. Bounderby, the banker, might reside. Upon which, misled, no doubt, by the word Banker, he directed me to the Bank. Fact being, I presume, that Mr. Bounderby, the Banker, does *not* reside in the edifice in which I have the honor of offering this explanation?”

“No, sir,” returned Mrs. Sparsit, “he does not.”

“Thank you. I had no intention of delivering my letter at the present moment, nor have I. But, strolling on to the Bank to kill time, and having the good fortune to observe at the window,” towards which he languidly waved his hand, then slightly bowed, “a lady of a very superior and agreeable appearance, I considered that I could not do better than take the liberty of asking that lady where Mr. Bounderby, the Banker, *does* live. Which I accordingly venture, with all suitable apologies, to do.”

The inattention and indolence of his manner were sufficiently relieved, to Mrs. Sparsit's thinking, by a certain gallantry at ease, which offered her homage, too. Here he was, for instance, at this moment, all but sitting on the table, and yet lazily bending over her, as if he acknowledged an attraction in her that made her charming—in her way.

“Banks, I know, are always suspicious, and officially must be,” said the stranger, whose lightness and smoothness of speech were pleasant likewise; suggesting matter far more sensible and humorous than it ever contained—which was perhaps a shrewd device of the founder of this numerous sect, whosoever may have been that great man; “therefore, I may observe that my letter—here it is—is from the member for this place—Gradgrind—whom I have had the pleasure of knowing in London.”

Mrs. Sparsit recognised the hand, intimated that such confirmation was quite unnecessary, and gave Mr. Bounderby's address, with all needful clues and directions in aid.

“Thousand thanks,” said the stranger. “Of course, you know the Banker well?”

“Yes, sir,” rejoined Mrs. Sparsit. “In my dependent relation towards him, I have known him ten years.”

“Quite an eternity! I think he married Gradgrind's daughter?”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Sparsit, suddenly compressing her mouth. “He had that—honor.”

“The lady is quite a philosopher, I am told?”

“Indeed, sir,” said Mrs. Sparsit. *Is she?*”

“Excuse my impertinent curiosity,” pursued the stranger, fluttering over Mrs. Sparsit's eyebrows, with a propitiatory air, “but you know the family, and know the world. I am about to know the family, and may have much to do with them. Is the lady so very alarming? Her father gives her such a portentously hard-headed reputation, that I have a burning desire to know. Is she absolutely unapproachable? Repellently and stunningly clever? I see, by your meaning smile, you think not. You have poured balm into my anxious soul. As to age, now. Forty? Five and thirty?”

Mrs. Sparsit laughed outright. “A chit,” said she. “Not twenty when she was married.”

“I give you my honor, Mrs. Fowler,” returned the stranger, detaching himself from the table, “that I never was so astonished in my life!”

It really did seem to impress him, to the utmost extent of his capacity of being impressed. He looked at his informant for full a quarter of a minute, and appeared to have the surprise in his mind all the time. “I assure you, Mrs. Fowler,” he then said, much exhausted, “that the father's manner prepared me for a grim and stony maturity. I am obliged to you, of all things, for correcting so absurd a mistake. Pray excuse my intrusion. Many thanks. Good day!”

He bowed himself out; and Mrs. Sparsit, hiding in the window-curtain, saw him languishing down the street, on the shady side of the way, observed of all the town.

“What do you think of the gentleman, Bitzer?” she asked the light porter, when he came to take away.

“Spends a deal of money on his dress, ma'am.”

“It must be admitted,” said Mrs. Sparsit, “that it's very tasteful.”

"Yes, ma'am," returned Bitzer, "if that's worth the money."

"Besides which, ma'am," resumed Bitzer, while he was polishing the table, "he looks to me as if he gamed."

"It's immoral to game," said Mrs. Sparsit.

"It's ridiculous, ma'am," said Bitzer, "because the chances are against the players."

Whether it was that the heat prevented Mrs. Sparsit from working, or whether it was that her hand was out, she did no work that night. She sat at the window, when the sun began to sink behind the smoke; she sat there, when the smoke was burning red, when the color faded from it, when darkness seemed to rise slowly out of the ground, and creep upward, upward, up to the house-tops, up the church steeple, up to the summits of the factory chimneys, up to the sky. Without a candle in the room, Mrs. Sparsit sat at the window, with her hands before her, not thinking much of the sounds of evening: the whooping of boys, the barking of dogs, the rumbling of wheels, the steps and voices of passengers, the shrill street cries, the clogs upon the pavement when it was their hour for going by, the shutting up of shop-shutters. Not until the light porter announced that her nocturnal sweetbread was ready, did Mrs. Sparsit arouse herself from her reverie, and convey her dense black eyebrows—by that time creased with meditation, as if they needed ironing out—up stairs.

"Oh! you Fool!" said Mrs. Sparsit, when she was alone at her supper. Whom she meant, she did not say; but she could scarcely have meant the sweetbread.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Gradgrind party wanted assistance in murdering the Graces. They went about recruiting; and where could they enlist recruits more readily than among the fine gentlemen, who, having found out everything to be worth nothing, were equally ready for anything?

Moreover, the healthy spirits who had mounted to this sublime height were attractive to many of the Gradgrind school. They liked fine gentlemen; they pretended that they did not, but they did. They became exhausted in imitation of them; and they yaw-yawed in their speech like them; and they served out, with an enervated air, the little mouldy rations

of political economy, on which they regaled their disciples. There never before was seen on earth such a wonderful hybrid race as was thus produced.

Among the fine gentlemen not regularly belonging to the Gradgrind school, there was one of a good family and a better appearance, with a happy turn of humor which had told immensely with the House of Commons on the occasion of his entertaining it with his (and the Board of Directors') view of a railway accident, in which the most careful officers ever known, employed by the most liberal managers ever heard of, assisted by the finest mechanical contrivances ever devised, the whole in action on the best line ever constructed, had killed five people and wounded thirty-two, by a casualty without which the excellence of the whole system would have been positively incomplete. Among the slain was a cow, and among the scattered articles unowned, a widow's cap. And the honorable member had so tickled the House (which has a delicate sense of humor) by putting the cap on the cow, that it became impatient of any serious reference to the Coroner's Inquest, and brought the railway off with Cheers and Laughter.

Now, this gentleman had a younger brother, of still better appearance than himself, who had tried life as a Cornet of Dragoons, and found it a bore; and had afterwards tried it in the train of an English minister abroad, and found it a bore; and had then strolled to Jerusalem, and got bored there; and had then gone yatching about the world, and got bored everywhere. To whom this honorable and jocular member fraternally said, one day, "Jem, there's a good opening among the hard Fact fellows, and they want men. I wonder you don't go in for statistics." Jem, rather taken by the novelty of the idea, and very hard up for a change, was as ready to "go in" for statistics as for anything else. So, he went in. He coached himself up with a blue book or two; and his brother put it about among the hard Fact fellows, and said, "If you want to bring in, for any place, a handsome dog who can make you a devilish good speech, look after my brother Jem, for he's your man." After a few dashes in the public meeting way, Mr. Gradgrind and a council of political sages approved of Jem, and it was resolved to send him down to Coketown, to become known

there and in the neighborhood. Hence the letter Jem had, last night, shown to Mrs. Sparsit, which Mr. Bounderby now held in his hand; superscribed, "Josiah Bounderby, Esquire, Banker, Coketown. Specially to introduce James Harthouse, Esquire. Thomas Gradgrind."

Within an hour of the receipt of this dispatch and Mr. James Harthouse's card, Mr. Bounderby put on his hat and went down to the hotel. There, he found Mr. James Harthouse looking out of window, in a state of mind so disconsolate that he was already half disposed to "go in" for something else.

"My name, sir," said his visitor, "is Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown."

Mr. James Harthouse was very happy, indeed (though he scarcely looked so), to have a pleasure he had long expected.

"Coketown, sir," said Bounderby, obstinately taking a chair, "is not the kind of place you have been accustomed to. Therefore, if you'll allow me—or whether you will or not, for I am a plain man—I'll tell you something about it before we go any further."

Mr. Harthouse would be charmed.

"Don't be too sure of that," said Bounderby. "I don't promise it. First of all, you see our smoke. That's meat and drink to us. It's the healthiest thing in the world in all respects, and particularly for the lungs. If you are one of those who want us to consume it, I differ from you. We are not going to wear the bottoms of our boilers out any faster than we wear 'em out now, for all the humbugging sentiment in Great Britain and Ireland."

By way of "going in" to the fullest extent, Mr. Harthouse rejoined, "Mr. Bounderby, I assure you I am entirely and completely of your way of thinking. On conviction."

"I am glad to hear it," said Bounderby. "Now, you have heard a lot of talk about the work in our mills, no doubt. You have? Very good. I'll state the fact of it to you. It's the pleasantest work there is, and it's the lightest work there is, and it's the best paid work there is. More than that, we couldn't improve the mills themselves, unless we laid down Turkey carpets on the floors. Which we're not a-going to do."

"Mr. Bounderby, perfectly right."

"Lastly," said Bounderby, "as to our Hands. There's not a Hand in this town, sir,

man, woman, or child, but has one ultimate object in life. That object is, to be fed on turtle soup and venison with a gold spoon. Now, they're not a-going—none of 'em—ever to be fed on turtle soup and venison with a gold spoon. And now you know the place."

Mr. Harthouse professed himself in the highest degree instructed and refreshed by this condensed epitome of the whole Coketown question.

"Why, you see," replied Mr. Bounderby, "it suits my disposition to have a full understanding with a man, particularly with a public man, when I make his acquaintance. I have only one thing more to say to you, Mr. Harthouse, before assuring you of the pleasure with which I shall respond, to the utmost of my poor ability, to my friend Tom Gradgrind's letter of introduction. You are a man of family. Don't you deceive yourself by supposing for a moment that I am a man of family. I am a bit of dirty riff-raff, and a genuine scrap of tag, rag and bobtail."

If anything could have exalted Jem's interest in Mr. Bounderby, it would have been this very circumstance. Or, so he told him.

"So, now," said Bounderby, "we may shake hands on equal terms. I say, equal terms, because although I know what I am, and the exact depth of the gutter I have lifted myself out of, better than any man does, I am as proud as you are. I am just as proud as you are. Having now asserted my independence in a proper manner, I may come to how do you find yourself, and I hope you're pretty well."

The better, Mr. Harthouse gave him to understand as they shook hands, for the salubrious air of Coketown. Mr. Bounderby received the answer with favor.

"Perhaps you know," said he, "or perhaps you don't know, I married Tom Gradgrind's daughter. If you have nothing better to do than to walk up town with me, I shall be glad to introduce you to Tom Gradgrind's daughter."

"Mr. Bounderby," said Jem, "you anticipate my dearest wishes."

They went out without further discourse; and Mr. Bounderby piloted the new acquaintance, who so strongly contrasted with him, to the private red brick dwelling, with the black outside shutters, the green inside blinds, and

the black street door up the two white steps. In the drawing-room of which mansion, there presently entered to them the most remarkable girl Mr. James Harthouse had ever seen. She was so constrained, and yet so careless; so reserved, and yet so watchful; so cold and proud, and yet so sensitively ashamed of her husband's braggart humility—from which she shrunk as if every example of it were a cut or a blow—that it was quite a new sensation to observe her. In face, she was no less remarkable than in manner. Her features were handsome; but their natural play was so suppressed and locked up, that it seemed impossible to guess at their genuine expression. Utterly indifferent, perfectly self-reliant, never at a loss, and yet never at her ease, with her figure in company with them there, and her mind apparently quite alone—it was of no use “going in” yet awhile to comprehend this girl, for she baffled all penetration.

From the mistress of the house, the visitor glanced to the house itself. There was no mute sign of a woman in the room. No graceful little adornment, no fanciful little device, however trivial, anywhere expressed her influence. Cheerless and comfortless, boastfully and doggedly rich, there the room stared at its present occupants, unsoftened and unrelieved by the least trace of any womanly occupation. As Mr. Bunderby stood in the midst of his household gods, so those unreflexing divinities occupied their places around Mr. Bunderby, and they were worthy of one another and well matched.

“This, sir,” said Bunderby, “is my wife, Mrs. Bunderby: Tom Gradgrind’s eldest daughter. Loo, Mr. James Harthouse. Mr. Harthouse has joined your father’s muster-roll. If he is not Tom Gradgrind’s colleague before long, I believe we shall at least hear of him in connexion with one of our neighboring towns. You observe, Mr. Harthouse, that my wife is my junior. I don’t know what she saw in me to marry me, but she saw something in me, I suppose, or she wouldn’t have married me. She has lots of expensive knowledge, sir, political and otherwise. If you want to cram for anything, I should be troubled to recommend you to a better adviser than Loo Bunderby.”

To a more agreeable adviser, or one from whom he would be more likely to learn, Mr. Harthouse could never be recommended.

“Come!” said his host. “If you’re in the complimentary line, you’ll get on here, for you’ll meet with no competition. I have never been in the way of learning compliments myself, and I don’t profess to understand the art of paying ’em. In fact, I despise ’em. But, your bringing up was different from mine; mine was a real thing, by George! You’re a gentleman, and I don’t pretend to be one. I am Josiah Bunderby, of Coketown, and that’s enough for me. However, though I am not influenced by manners and station, Loo Bunderby may be. She hadn’t my advantages—disadvantages you would call ’em, but I call ’em advantages—so you’ll not waste your power, I dare say.”

“Mr. Bunderby,” said Jem, turning with a smile to Louisa, “is a noble animal in a comparatively natural state, quite free from the harness in which a conventional hack like myself works.”

“You respect Mr. Bunderby very much,” she quietly returned. “It is natural that you should.”

He was disgracefully thrown out, for a gentleman who had seen so much of the world, and thought, “Now, how am I to take this?”

“You are going to devote yourself, as I gather from what Mr. Bunderby has said, to the service of your country. You have made up your mind,” said Louisa, still standing before him where she had first stopped—in all the singular contrariety of her self-possession, and her being obviously so very ill at ease—to show the nation the way out of all its difficulties.”

“Mrs. Bunderby,” he returned laughing, “upon my honor, no. I will make no such pretence to you. I have seen a little, here and there, up and down; I have found it all to be very worthless, as everybody has, and as some confess they have, and some do not; and I am going in for your respected father’s opinions—really because I have no choice of opinions, and may as well back them as anything else.”

“Have you none of your own?” asked Louisa.

“I have not so much as the slightest predilection left. I assure you I attach not the least importance to any opinions. The result of the varieties of boredom I have undergone, is a conviction (unless conviction is too industrious

a word for the lazy sentiment I entertain on the subject,) that any set of ideas will do just as much good as any other set, and just as much harm as any other set. There's an English family with a capital Italian motto. What will be, will be. It's the only truth going!"

This vicious assumption of honesty in dishonesty—a vice so dangerous, so deadly, and so common—seemed, he observed, a little to impress her in his favor. He followed up the advantage, by saying in his pleasantest manner: a manner to which she might attach as much or as little meaning as she pleased—

"The side that can prove anything in a line of units, tens, hundreds, and thousands, Mrs. Bounderby, seems to me to afford the most fun, and to give a man the best chance. I am quite as much attached to it as if I believed it. I am quite ready to go in for it, to the same extent as if I believed it. And what more could I possibly do, if I did believe it!"

"You are a singular politician," said Louisa.

"Pardon me; I have not even that merit. We are the largest party in the state, I assure you, Mrs. Bounderby, if we all fell out of our adopted ranks and were reviewed together."

Mr. Bounderby, who had been in danger of bursting in silence, interposed here with a project for postponing the family dinner to half past six, and taking Mr. James Harthouse in the meantime on a round of visits to the voting and interesting notabilities of Coketown and its vicinity. The round of visits was made; and Mr. James Harthouse, with a discreet use of his blue coaching, came off triumphantly, though with a considerable accession of boredom.

In the evening, he found the dinner-table laid for four, but they sat down only three. It was an appropriate occasion for Mr. Bounderby to discuss the flavor of the hap'orth of stewed eels he had purchased in the streets at eight years old, and also of the inferior water, specially used for laying the dust, with which he had washed down that repast. He likewise entertained his guest, over the soup and fish, with the calculation that he (Bounderby) had eaten in his youth at least three horses under the guise of polonies and saveleys. These recitals, Jem, in a languid manner, received with "charming!" every now then; and they probably would have decided him to go in for Jeru-

salem again to-morrow morning, had he been less curious respecting Louisa.

"Is there nothing," he thought, glancing at her as she sat at the head of the table, where her youthful figure, small and slight, but very graceful, looked as pretty as it looked misplaced; "is there nothing that will move that face?"

Yes! By Jupiter, there was something, and here it was, in an unexpected shape! Tom appeared. She changed as the door opened, and broke into a beaming smile.

A beautiful smile. Mr. James Harthouse might not have thought so much of it, but that he had wondered so long at her impassive face. She put out her hand—a pretty little soft hand; and her fingers closed upon her brother's, as if she would have carried them to her lips.

"Ay, ay?" thought the visitor. "This whelp is the only creature she cares for. So, so!"

The whelp was presented, and took his chair. The appellation was not flattering, but not unmerited.

"When I was your age, young Tom," said Bounderby, "I was punctual, or I got no dinner!"

"When you were my age," returned Tom, "you hadn't a wrong balance to get right, and hadn't to dress afterwards."

"Never mind that now," said Bounderby.

"Well, then," grumbled Tom. "Don't begin with me."

"Mrs. Bounderby," said Harthouse, perfectly hearing this under-strain as it went on, "your brother's face is quite familiar to me. Can I have seen him abroad? Or at some public school, perhaps?"

"No," she returned, quite interested, "he has never been abroad yet, and was educated here, at home. Tom, love, I am telling Mr. Harthouse that he never saw you abroad."

"No such luck, sir," said Tom.

There was little enough in him to brighten her face, for he was a sullen young fellow, and ungracious in his manner even to her. So much the greater must have been the solitude of her heart, and her need of some one on whom to bestow it. "So much the more is this whelp the only creature she has ever cared for," thought Mr. James Harthouse, turning it over and over. "So much the more. So much the more."

Both in his sister's presence, and after she had left the room, the whelp took no pains to hide his contempt for Mr. Bounderby, whenever he could indulge it without the observation of that independent man, by making wry faces, or shutting one eye. Without responding to these telegraphic communications, Mr. Harthouse encouraged him much in the course of the evening, and showed an unusual liking for him. At last, when he rose to return to his hotel, and was a little doubtful whether he knew the way by night, the whelp immediately proffered his services as guide, and turned out with him to escort him thither.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EVA.

BY MRS. COOKE.

"Earnest vows of love
Uttered when passion's bristrous tide ran high,
Sincerely uttered, though but seldom kept."
POLLOCK'S COURSE OF TIME.

Where each tiny floweret closes,
Hid the woodbine leaves among,
Out upon the dewy roses
Looks a lady fair and young.

Hues of day, so warm and sunny,
Fade upon the distant hill,
But the moon, her moon of honey,
Sheds a mimic daylight still.

Rising one, one lowly sitting,
Queenly moon and queenly wife,
Each appears an emblem fitting
Of the other's radiant life.

For the Past, a glimmering crescent
In the twilight sank and died;—
Now, behold the full-orbed Present
Upward still serenely glide.

Girlhood's thoughtless hours are ended,
And its dreams of roseate hue
Are with softest shadows blended,
Strange, and beautiful, and new.

He who wooed the blushing Eva
For his being's cherished flower,
He has vowed that nought shall grieve her,
Guarded in her nuptial bower.

Life may be a changing story,
Mingled rapture and regret,
But the future's gloom or glory
Shall not harm his pride and pet.

Deeming that the orb above her
Smiles upon a sister's bliss,
Eva waits her wedded lover,
And responds to Luna's kiss.

And her woman's heart is dreaming,
Dreaming of the coming years,
And she sees the moonlight beaming
Through a mist of happy tears.

Years have passed;—the night-wind chilly
Moans about those silent halls;
Eva leans, a blighted lily,
Where the quiet moonlight falls.

Duty's voice, with Pleasure's blended,
Calls her wedded lord away,
And when Duty's task is ended,
Pleasure still prolongs his stay.

Empty noise, and clamors wordy,
Rouse his heart and fill the hour;—
He has wearied of the birdie,
Drooping in her lonely bower.

Lonely—for she has no other;—
All the world was left for him;
Far is she from friend or brother,
And the light of life is dim.

Onward, onward—still ascending,
Climbs he up the steep of life;
Lowly, 'neath her burden bending,
After toils the struggling wife.

Lo' he stands where hill and meadow
Smile beneath their owner's eye;—
Cowering in his lengthened shadow,
Wearied Eve lies down to die.

Soon that wan and faded blossom
Sleeps within the churchyard pale—
Sleeps at last upon the bosom
Of a love that will not fail.

Silently the husband ponders,
As he moves the tombs among,
And with dainty footstep wanders
Near, a lady fair and young.

She, the second bride, is dreaming,
Dreaming of the coming years;
And she sees the marbles gleaming
Through a mist of happy tears.

An editor down East objects to a female legislature, on the grounds that they would miss-represent the country.



THE FOREST FOUNTAIN.

Here the sinking sun hath broken through a
 forest close as night;
 Plashing all the deepened darkness with its
 thick and wine-like light.
 Shivered lies the broad, red sunbeam slant
 athwart the withered leaf,
 Laughing back the startled shadows from their
 high and holy grief;
 Down yon dusk-pool, slant, obliquely, shoots a
 line like sparry splinter,
 As the waking flush of Spring-time lightens up
 the eyes in Winter:
 Dimming as it straineth downward melts the red
 light of the sun,
 Darkling pool and piercing beamlet mingling
 whitely into one.

Fallen rays, like broken crystals, spangle thick
 the shadowy ground,
 Ragged fragments, glorious gushes scattered
 richly, redly round.
 Where the lazy lilies languish, one intruding
 sunbeam creeps;
 In the arms of slumberous shadow, like a child
 it sinks and sleeps;
 And the quiet leaves around it seem to think it
 all their own,
 'Mid the grass and lightened lilies sleeping
 silent and alone.
 Here the dew-damp lingers longest 'mid the
 plushy fountain moss;
 Here the bergamot's red blossom leans the stilly
 stream across;

Here the shade is darkly silent; here the breeze
is liquid cool,
And the very air seems married to the freshness
of that pool.
See, where down its depths pellucid, Nature's
purest waters well,
Breaking up in curving current, wimpled line
and bubbly swell;
While in swift and noiseless beauty, through
the deep and dewy grass,
O'er the rock and down the valley, see the
hurrying waters pass.
Oh! how dreamy grow my senses, as I couch
me 'mid the flowers,
Oh! how still the blue sky looketh, oh! how
noteless creep the hours;
Oh! how wide the silence seemeth, not a sound
disturbing comes,
Save a drowsy, sleepy buzzing, that around
continuous hums;
And I seem to float out loosely on weak slum-
ber's languid breast,
With a kind of half reluctance that sinks gradu-
ally to rest.
Distant faces group around me, kindly eyes look
in my own,
And I hear, though indistinctly, voices of the
lost and gone:
His whose bark went down in tempest; his
whose life and death were gloom;
His whose hopes and young ambitions fell and
faded on the tomb;
Oh! again his earnest language breaks upon my
dreaming ear,
And I catch the tones that waking I shall never,
never hear.

THE WILD GOOSE—A DANGEROUS FEAT.

BY A TRAVELLING NATURALIST.

Many a daring adventure had Aleck Brent in his lonely quarters by Pawah lake. During Indian times it was esteemed a courageous thing for the noted braves to lurk around Aleck's cabin and wait for his scalp; but every such attempt proved a miscarriage, and every miscarriage cost an Indian life or two. So they learned discretion at length, and sought other war trails, wherein there was less danger.

Then Aleck remained unmolested, and was allowed to grow grey-headed, and in due time to disappear altogether from the field of human action without further interruption.

The history of this man, hermit yet hospitable, taciturn yet full of interesting lore, is the history of a race whose fortunate description immortalized Cooper. They are fading fast away, and to find them, even now, requires a journey far beyond the *ultima thule* of cockney travellers and city sportsmen. The reader will not complain, especially he who loves wild romance and startling peculiarities of character, if I rescue from oblivion some fragments that have long remained fading and useless in my memorandum book.

Many a daring adventure had Aleck Brent in his lonely quarters; of such was the following.

The lake by which his cabin was pitched was a horrid pool; in Summer, the head quarters of alligators, water moccasin snakes and gar-fish; in Winter, backed up by the Mississippi river, until it frequently backed Aleck clean out of his little home and drove him to the hills. Why he lived in such an aguish spot, none could say. Probably it was for the convenience of fish, which were abundant, and to be handy to the deer and bear that came down to the lake to drink. But whatever the cause, there lived Aleck, Summer and Winter, for thirty years, fishing when he choose it, hunting a day or two in the week—just long enough in fact to knock up a fat buck or bear—and drinking the lake water until its very slime was relished as *sauce piquante* to a Frenchman. With this introduction enter the story of the Wild Goose.

One rainy, bleak March day, Aleck found upon examination of his larder that his provisions were out. Bread he had never cared for, and there had been so much wet weather, that the hunter, who was getting rheumatic from a life of continued exposure, had kept within doors, smoking his Indian pipe, till the last piece of dried venison gave out. So with an ill-natured growl, he shouldered his old gun that had done him service from a boy, and took the way to his favorite deer haunts. But the deer were closely housed and did not afford him a single shot. Wearied and wet, he turned back with the uncomfortable prospect of sleeping supperless, when his eye fell upon a large gander that had pitched into the lake some sixty yards from shore, and was swimming temptingly about, quite regardless of his propinquity.

With but little reflection Aleck levelled the piece, and had spread the bird headless upon the water before he had time to think how he was to get it out.

The alligators were so abundant that a dog could not swim across without being picked up, and even the deer were frequently attacked attempting the passage.

But night was coming on, his canoe was a mile off at least, and it was the gander or no supper.

Aleck stripped his buckskins for the attempt. He attached his hunting knife by a thong to his neck, took a stout chunk for support, and a club for defence, then boldly plunged in. The first dash nearly chilled him to the heart; but he reached the prize, fastened it around him and started back. Scarcely had he turned, however, when he was startled by a well-known sound, and a glance over his shoulder assured him that an old soldier, a bull alligator, to use the language of the frontiers, was upon his track, length ten or fifteen feet, teeth long enough to carve him at a nip, stomach sufficiently capacious to hold every ounce of him, and an appetite to match all three. It is unnecessary to remark upon the velocity with which Aleck's fins were moved, following this interesting discovery. Danger may sometimes render men reckless, but the prospect of such an ending to his wild goose adventure, only rendered Aleck swift; he had seen a fellow hunter dissected at his very side, when their canoe was upset, and the sight was one of unmitigated horror.

The alligator struck two to his one, and the race was a short one. Aleck tossed the bird from his back, and to his great satisfaction, the reptile stopped a moment to smell it, which slight delay saved his life. But he had only reached the top of the bank as his pursuer thrust his ugly nose high up on the mud at his feet. His gun being already loaded—for when did genuine hunter fail to load before leaving his tracks?—gave him now an advantage and an opportunity for revenge; and as the alligator, stimulated to unwonted rapacity by his long winter's fast, came on up the bank in his clumsy way, the enraged hunter, putting the muzzle of his piece into his very mouth, fired a ball down the throat he had so narrowly escaped, a mode of operation that killed him as quickly as such hardy chaps ever die.

Will the reader believe me that Aleck Brent was reckless enough to plunge the second time into the lake and bring out the bird—even while his enemy was floundering half dead upon the shore, and hundreds more were within sound of his voice!

The only journeys that he ever made to the white settlements were two each year to the nearest store, fifty miles distant. These were for the purpose of exchanging a pack of bearskins for powder and lead.

I met him upon one of these excursions, and accompanied him home. Nothing could be more dismal than his locality, unless it was his dwelling-house. The cabin consisted of a single room about twelve feet square, made of poles and covered with bark. The interior was hung thickly round with skins, many of them large and valuable, among which I recognized those of the panther, wild cat, fox, bear and deer. A fine festoon of Indian scalps gave evidence of the barbarous tastes contracted from so long a residence nigh the aborigines.

Amongst these, of which he was particularly proud, he pointed out the top-knots of several distinguished braves.

His bed was more luxuriant than the most fastidious city dame can boast, being composed of swan feathers and swan skins dressed with the feathers on. And here through the cold wet months the old man burrowed; a string of dried venison and a few fleeces of fat bear meat for his food; a gourd of lake water his supply of drink; his patched up yet faithful rifle gun hard by, and the panther might scream upon his very roof pole, he cared not. The wolf's howling through the long nights never disturbed his slumbers. The alligators might splash the mossy lake or build their mud heaps by the very side of his walls, or bellow in rage upon the adjacent sand-bars, old Brent heard them not, or only heard them as the dweller in city walls hears the ordinary sounds of the thronged streets. Nothing was of interest enough to attract his attention, except the voice of man, and this, for obvious reasons, the gray-haired hunter did not often hear.

My visit was protracted to a week, and when I offered him the parting hand, a convulsive twitching of his face answered the words of thankfulness and real esteem with which I acknowledged his hospitality. And now by the side

of a Camanche war helmet, in my cabinet of curiosities, hangs the top-knot of a huge Creek warrior, slain by old Brent in his days of youthful strife, and presented me as the highest token of esteem that he could entertain towards his fellow-man.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE IN THE FAMILY.

[In what book, magazine or newspaper, the following sketch originally appeared, we do not know, and therefore cannot give the due credit.]

"Home!" How that little word strikes upon the heart strings, awakening all the sweet memories that had slept in memory's chamber! Our home was a "pearl of price" among homes; not for its architectural elegance—for it was only a four gabled, brown, country house, shaded by two antediluvian oak trees; nor was its interior crowded with luxuries that charm every sense and come from every clime. Its furniture had grown old with us, for we remembered no other; and though polished as highly as furniture could be, by daily scrubbing, was somewhat the worse for wear, it must be confessed.

But neither the house nor its furnishing makes the *home*; and the charm of *ours* lay in the sympathy that linked the nine that called it "home" to one another. Father, mother, and seven children—five of them gay-hearted girls, and two boys, petted just enough to be spoiled—not one link had ever dropped from the chain of love or one corroding drop fallen upon its brightness.

"One star differeth from another in glory," even in the firmament of home. Thus—though we could not have told a stranger which sister or brother was dearest—from our gentlest "eldest," an invalid herself, but the comforter and counsellor of all beside, to the curly haired boy, who romped and rejoiced in the appellation of "baby," given five years before—still an observing eye would soon have singled out sister Ellen as the sunbeam of our heaven, the "morning star" of our constellation. She was the second in age, but the first in the inheritance of that load of responsibility, which in such a household falls naturally upon the eldest daughter. Eliza, as I have said, was ill from early girlhood; and Ellen had shouldered all

her burden of care and kindness, with a light heart and a lighter step. Up stairs and down cellar, in the parlor, nursery or kitchen—at the piano or the wash-tub—with pen, pencil, needle, or ladle—sister Ellen was always busy, always with a smile on her cheek, and a warble on her lip.

Quietly, happily, the months and years went by. We never realized that change was to come over our band. To be sure, when mother would look in upon us, seated together with our books, paintings, and needle-work, and say, in her gentle way, with only a half a sigh, "Ah, girls, you are living your happiest days!" we would glance into each other's eyes, and wonder who would go first. But it was a wonder that passed away with the hour, and ruffled not even the surface of our sisterly hearts. It could not be always so—and the change came at last!

Sister Ellen was to be married!

It was like the crash of a thunderbolt in a clear Summer sky! Sister Ellen—the fairy of the hearthstone, the darling of every heart—which of us *could* spare her? Who had been so presumptuous as to find out her worth? For the first moment; *this* question burst from each surprised, half angry sister of the blushing, tearful Ellen! It was only for a moment; for our hearts told us that no body could help loving her, who had looked through her loving blue eyes, into the clear well-spring of the heart beneath. So we threw our arms around her and sobbed without a word!

We knew very well that the young clergyman, whose Sunday sermons and gentle admonitions had won all hearts, had been for months a weekly visitor to our fireside circle. With baby Georgie on his knee, and Georgie's brothers and sisters clustered about him, he had sat through many an evening charming the hours away, until the clock startled us with its unwelcome nine o'clock warning; and the softly spoken reminder, "Girls, it is bed time!" woke more than one stifled sigh of regret. Then sister Ellen must always go with us to lay Georgie in his little bed; to hear him and Annette repeat the evening prayer and hymn her lips had taught them; to comb out the long brown braids of Emily's head; to rob Arthur of the story book, over which he would have squandered the "midnight oil;" and to breathe a kiss and a blessing over the pillow of each

other sister, as she tucked the warm blankets tenderly about them.

We do not know how often of late she had stolen down again, from these sisterly duties, after our senses were locked in sleep; or if our eyes and ears had ever been open to the fact, we could never have suspected the *minister* to be guilty of such a plot against our peace! That name was associated, in our minds, with all that was superhuman. The gray-haired pastor who had gone to his grave six months previous, had sat as frequently on that same oaken arm-chair, and talked with us. We had loved him as a father and friend, and had almost worshipped him as the embodiment of all attainable goodness. And when Mr. Neville came among us, with his high, pale forehead, and soul-kindled eye, we had thought his face also "the face of an angel"—too glorious for the print of mortal passion! Especially, after in answer to an urgent call from the people among whom he was laboring, he had frankly told them that his purpose was not to remain among them, or anywhere on his native shore; that he only waited the guidance of Providence to a home in a foreign clime. After this much bewailed disclosure of his plans, we placed our favorite preacher on a higher pinnacle of saintship!

But sister Ellen was to be married—and married to Mr. Neville. And then—"Oh, sister, you are not going away to India!" burst from our lips, with a fresh gush of sobs.

I was the first to look up into Ellen's troubled face. It was heaving with emotions that ruffled its calmness, as the tide-waves ruffle the sea. Her lips were firmly compressed; her eyes were fixed on some distant dream, glassed with two tears, that stood still in their chalices, forbidden to fall. I almost trembled as I caught her glance.

"Sister! Agnes—Emily!" she exclaimed in a husky whisper. "Hush! be calm! *Don't* break my heart! Do I love home less than!"

The effort was too much; the words died on her lips. We lifted her to bed, frightened into forgetfulness of her own grief. We soothed her until she, too, wept freely and passionately, and, in weeping, grew strong for the sacrifice to which she had pledged her heart.

We never spoke another word of remonstrance to her tender heart, though often, in

the few months that flitted by us together, we used to choke with sobbing, in some speech that hinted of the coming separation, and hurry from her presence to cry alone.

Our mother has told us the tidings with white lips that quivered tenderly and sadly. No love is so uniformly unselfish as a mother's, surely; for though she leaned on Ellen as the strong staff of her declining years, she sorrowed not as we did, that she was going. She too was happy in the thought that her child had found that "pearl of price" in a cold and evil world—a true, noble, loving heart to guide and protect her.

Father sat silently in the chimney corner, reading in the family Bible. He was looking farther than any of us—to the perils that would environ his dearest daughter, and the privations that might come upon her young life, in that unhealthy, uncivilized corner of the globe, whither she was going. Both our parents had dedicated their children to God; and they would not cast even a shadow on the path of self-sacrifice and duty their darling had chosen.

To come down to the unromantic little details of wedding preparations; how we stitched and trimmed, packed and prepared—stoned raisins with tears in our eyes, and seasoned the wedding cake with sighs. But there is little use in thinking over these things. Ellen was first and foremost in all, as she had always been in every emergency, great or small. Nothing could be made without her. Even the bride's cake was taken from the oven by her own fair hands, because no one—servant, sister, or even mother—was willing to run the risk of burning sister Ellen's bride's cake; and "*she knew just how to bake it.*"

We were not left alone in our labors: for Ellen had been loved by more than the home-roof sheltered. Old and young, poor and rich, united in bringing their gifts, regrets and blessings to the chosen companion of the pastor they were soon to lose. There is something in the idea of missionary life that touches the sympathy of every heart which mammon has not too long seared. To see one, with sympathies and refinements like our own, rend the strong ties that bind to country and home, comfort and civilization, for the good of the lost and degraded heathen, brings too strongly into relief, by contrast, the selfishness of most

human lives led among the gayeties and luxuries of time.

The day, the hour came. The ship was to sail from B. on the ensuing week; and it must take away an idol.

She stood up in the village church, that all who loved her, and longed for another sight of her sweet face, might look upon her, and speak the simple words that should link hearts for eternity. We sisters stood all around her, but not too near; for our hearts were overflowing, and we could not wear the happy faces that should grace a train of bridesmaids. She had cheered us through the day with sunshine from her own heart, and even, while we are arraying her in her simple white muslin, like a lamb for sacrifice, she had charmed our thoughts into cheerfulness. It seemed like some dream of fairy land, and she the embodiment of grace and loveliness, acting the part of some Queen Titania for a little while. The dream changed to a far different reality, when, at the door of her mother's room, she put her hand into that of Henry Neville, and lifted her eye with a look that said, "Where thou goest will I go," even from all beside!

Tears fell fast in that assembly; though the good old matrons tried to smile, as they passed around the bride, to bless her and bid her good bye. A little girl in a patched but clean frock, pushed forward, with a bouquet of violets and strawberry blossoms in her hand.

"Here, Miss Nelly—please Miss Nelly," she cried, half-laughing, half-sobbing, "I picked them on purpose for you!"

Ellen stooped and kissed the little, eager face. The child burst into tears, and caught the folds of her dress, as though she would have buried her face there. But a strong armed woman, mindful of the bride's attire, snatched the child away.

"And for what would ye be whimpering in that style, as if *you* had any right to Miss Ellen?"

"She was always good to me, and she's my Sunday school teacher," plead the little girl in a subdued undertone.

Agnes drew her to her side and silently comforted her.

"Step aside—Father Herrick is here!" said one just then.

The crowd about the bridal pair opened, to admit a white-haired, half-blind old man, who

came leaning on the arm of his rosy granddaughter. Father Herrick was a superannuated deacon whose good words and works had won for him a place in every heart of that assembly.

"They told me she was going," he murmured to himself; "they say 'tis her wedding. I want to see my little girl again—bless her."

Ellen sprang forward, and laid both her white trembling hands in the large hand of the good old man. He drew her near his failing eyes; and looked searchingly into her young, soul-lit countenance.

"I can just see you, darling; and they tell me I shall never see you again! Well, well, if we go in God's way we shall all get to Heaven, and it's all light *there*!" He raised his hand over her head, and added, solemnly. "The blessing of blessings be upon thee, my child. Amen!"

"Amen!" echoed the voice of Henry Neville. And Ellen looked up with the look of an angel

So she went from us! Oh! the last moment of that parting hour has burnt itself into my being for ever! *Could* the human heart endure the agony of parting like that, *realized* to be indeed the last—lighted by no ray of hope for eternity! Would not reason reel under the pressure?

It was hard to bear; but I have no words to tell of its bitterness. She went to her missionary life, and we learned at last to live without her, though it was many a month before the little ones could forget to call on "Sister Ellen" in any impulse of joy, grief, or childish want. Then the start and the sigh, "Oh, dear, she's gone—sister is gone!" And fresh tears would flow.

Gone but not lost, for that First Marriage in the family opened to us a fountain of happiness, pure as the spring of self-sacrifice could make it. Our household darling has linked us to a world of needy and perishing spirits—a world that asks for the energy and the aid of those who go from us, and those who remain in the dear country of their birth. God bless her and her charge! Dear sister Ellen! there may be many another breach in the family—we may all be scattered to the four winds of heaven—but no change can come over us like that which marked the FIRST MARRIAGE.

SEWING MACHINES AND SEAMSTRESSES.

"Oh! dear," said a poor girl, as she held up a salt-bag to my view, "this was sewed by a machine. It is too bad. Poor girls will soon have nothing to do. I know sights and sights of girls who used to make their living by sewing these bags and other coarse things, and now they are all out of work. It is too bad."

For a moment, my sympathies were all with the poor girls, and I thought it was "too bad," and fell to wondering what would become of them.

But very soon there came a terrible necessity that I should have a dress made, and without a doubt of being able to obtain a dressmaker at every corner in a great city, where the universal cry is that laborers are many and labor scarce, I said nothing about it till I was all ready to be "fitted." Then, on applying to a friend, I was told that it was impossible to obtain a good one, without engaging her weeks beforehand. Being a green Yankee girl, quite unused to city ways and wants, I was truly astonished. But thinking my friend might mean by a good dressmaker, a fashionable one, which was not at all necessary to me, I applied to another. But here I met the same reply; and one lady asserted that she engaged hers six months beforehand as the only way to secure her. I marvelled and marvelled, and still doubted. But all inquiry resulted in the same way. A good dressmaker was not to be obtained for love or money.

"Well," thought I, "that is a strange state of things. What does it mean? Where are all these hundreds and thousands of poor sewing girls, who are in danger of starving?"

Why, the answer is—

"There are plenty who can sew bags and coarse shirts, and even plenty of indifferent dressmakers—the trouble is to get a good one; and there are many ladies, ladies of the 'first families,' who make all their own dresses, because they can find no one to make them nice enough. They would willingly pay the price any one would ask who understood her profession."

After waiting two months, and inquiring almost every day, I found what my friend called a good dressmaker, and I could well understand why so many seemed indifferent com-

pared with her. She was capable, in the first place, of telling a lady what color would become her, what sort of boddice her figure required, and what trimmings matched, and how they were to be put on. She took the silk, or whatever material was furnished, and cut it economically and expeditiously, speaking to nobody, and wishing nobody to speak to her, and accomplished more in a day than any person I ever saw use a needle. She asked a dollar and a half a day besides her board, and nobody thought it too much who saw her work.

Now there are few men in any profession, lawyers, doctors, or ministers, compared to the whole, who are first-rate. So we should not expect any more of women; but there should certainly be more good dressmakers. I do not think the time will ever come when dresses will be cut and fitted by machines, and they grow altogether more and more elaborate in their forms and finishings. Let those who have been sewing bags, and all manner of shop-work, for a few pennies a day, set themselves earnestly to work to learn a better trade.

Dressmaking should be considered one of the fine arts. Those who practice it should have a knowledge of anatomy and physiology, and their bumps of form and figure and color should be fully developed. As in every other profession, knowledge of every kind may be made subservient. Labor can only be dignified by knowledge, and knowledge will certainly dignify every kind of labor. The more mind and energy and good sense enlisted in any occupation, the sooner it will be ennobled.

Those who are sewing bags and coarse shirts, for almost nothing, will go on sewing bags for nothing unless driven into another path.

There will be much suffering before they will have learned to earn their bread in another way; but there is enough to do in a higher sphere, and those who are grovelling in poverty are capable of a higher kind of existence.

They can learn, too, without spending six or three months at a fashionable dressmaker's. Three months at a good school would be better, but a much shorter time spent in observing how things are done, and going resolutely to work to do them, would be sufficient. Practice would soon make them perfect.

—N. Y. Times.

MINNIE MYRTLE.



THE DODO.—FROM A PAINTING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE DODO.

Our engraving, which is copied from a painting in the British Museum, represents a bird, of the existence of whose species a little more than two centuries ago there appears to be no doubt, but which is now supposed to be entirely extinct. It must be obvious that such a fact offers some of the most interesting and important considerations; and the subject, therefore, has claimed the particular attention of several distinguished naturalists. The most complete view of the evidence as to the recent existence of the Dodo is given in a paper, by Mr. Duncan, of New College, Oxford, which is printed in the twelfth number of the Zoological Journal. To this valuable article we are indebted for much of the following account.

The painting in the British Museum was presented to that institution by the late Mr. George Edwards; and the history of it is thus given in his work on birds:—

"The original picture from which this print of the Dodo is engraved, was drawn in Holland, from the living bird, brought from St. Maurice's Island, in the East Indies, in the early times of the discovery of the Indies, by the way of the Cape of Good Hope. It (the picture) was the property of the late Sir Hans Sloane, to the time of his death; and afterwards becoming my property, I deposited it in the British Museum as a great curiosity. The above history of the picture I had from Sir Hans Sloane, and the late Dr. Mortimer, Secretary of the Royal Society."

The evidence of the former existence of this bird does not, however, entirely rest upon this picture and its traditionary history; for if it were so, it would be easier to imagine that the artist had invented the representation of some unknown creature, than that the species should have so utterly become lost within so comparatively short a time. There are three other representations of the Dodo which may be called original; for they are given in very early printed books, and are evidently not copied one from the other, although they each agree in representing the sort of hood on the head, the eye placed in a bare skin extending to the beak, the curved and swelling neck, the short heavy body, the small wings, the stumpy legs and diverted claws, and the tuft of rump feathers.

The first of these pictures is given in a Latin work by Clusius, entitled "*Caroli Clusii Exoticorum*," lib. v., printed in 1605. He says that his figure is taken from a rough sketch in a journal of a Dutch voyager, who had seen the bird in a voyage to the Moluccas, in 1598; and that he himself had seen, at Leyden, a leg of the Dodo, brought from the Mauritius.

The second representation is in Herbert's *Travels*, published in 1634. We subjoin his description of the bird, which is very quaint and curious:—

"The Dodo comes first to our description, here, and in Dygarrois; (and no where else, that ever I could see or hear of, is generated the Dodo.) (A Portuguese name it is, and has reference to her simpleness,) a bird which for shape and rareness might be called a Phoenix (wer't in Arabia;) her body is round and extreame fat, her slow pace begets that corpulencie; few of them weigh lesse than fifty pound; better to the eye than the stomach; greasie appetites might perhaps commend them, but to the indifferently curious nourishment, but prove offensive. Let's take her picture; her visage darts forth melancholy, as sensible of nature's injurie in framing so great and massie a body to be directed by such small and complementall wings, as are unable to hoise her from the ground, serving only to prove her a bird; which otherwise might be doubted of; her head is variously drest, the one halfe hooded with downy blackish feathers; the other, perfectly naked; of a whitish hue, as if a transparent lawne had covered it; her bill is very howked and bends downwards, the thrill or breathing place is in the midst of it; from which part to the end, the colour is a light greene mixt with a pale yellow; her eyes be round and small, and bright as diamonds; her cloathing is of finest downe, such as you see in goslings; her trayne is (like a China beard) of three or four short feathers; her legs thick, and black, and strong; her tallons or pounces sharp, her stomach fiery hot, so as stones and iron are easily digested in it; in that and shape, not a little resembling the Africk Oestriches; but so much, as for their more certain difference I dare to give thee (with two others) her representation."

In this description there are several details that are no doubt inaccurate; such as the iron-

digesting stomach; but the more important particulars agree with other evidence.

The third representation of the Dodo is in Willughby's Ornithology, published about the end of the seventeenth century; and this figure is taken from one given in a Latin work on the natural and medical history of the East Indies, published by Jacob Bontius, in 1658. This figure exactly agrees with that of the picture in the British Museum. Our great naturalist Ray, who published, in 1676 and 1688, editions of Willughby's work, says, "We have seen this bird dried, or its skin stuffed, in Tradescant's cabinet."

Tradescant was a person who had a very curious museum at Lambeth, and in his printed catalogue we find the following item:—Sect. 5, *Whole Birds*. Dodar, from the island Mauritius; it is not able to fly, being so big." Tradescant's specimen afterwards passed into the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, where it is described as existing in 1700; but having become decayed, was destroyed by an order of the visitors in 1755. There is a beak, however, and a leg still preserved in the Ashmolean Museum; and there is a foot also in the British Museum, which was formerly in the Museum of the Royal Society. We are informed, by an eminent naturalist, that the foot at Oxford is much shorter, and otherwise much smaller, than the one in the British Museum, which shows that there must have been two specimens in this country.

Of the former existence, therefore, of the Dodo, there appears to be no reasonable doubt; although the representations and descriptions of the bird may, in many respects, be inaccurate. Mr. Duncan, in answer to an application upon the subject made to a gentleman at Port Louis, in the Mauritius, learnt that there is a very general impression among the inhabitants that the Dodo did exist at Rodriguez, as well as in the Mauritius itself; but that the oldest inhabitants have never seen it, nor has any specimen, or part of a specimen, been procured in those islands.

Mr. Lyell states, in the second volume of his Principles of Geology, that M. Cuvier had showed him, in Paris, a collection of fossil bones, discovered under a bed of lava in the Isle of France, amongst which were some remains of the Dodo, which left no doubt in the mind of this great naturalist that this bird was

of the gallinaceous tribe; that is, of the same tribe as the common domestic fowl, the turkey and the peacock.

In a paper "on the natural affinities that connect the orders and families of birds," published in the Transactions of the Linnean Society, the following observations occur on the Dodo:—

"Considerable doubts have arisen as to the present existence of the Linnean *Didus* (Dodo;) and they have been increased by the consideration of the numberless opportunities that have lately occurred of ascertaining the existence of these birds in those situations, the Isles of Mauritius and Bourbon, where they were originally alleged to have been found. That they once existed, I believe, cannot be questioned. Besides the descriptions given by voyagers of undoubted authority, the relics of a specimen preserved in the public repository of this country bear decisive record of the fact. The most probable supposition that we can form on this subject is, that the race has become extinct in the before-mentioned islands, in consequence of the value of the bird as an article of food to the earlier settlers, and its incapability of escaping from pursuit. This conjecture is strengthened by the consideration of the gradual decrease of a nearly conterminous group, the *Otis tarda* (Bustard,) of our British ornithology, which, from similar causes, we have every reason to suspect will shortly be lost to this country. We may, however, still entertain some hopes that the *Didus* may be recovered in the South-eastern part of that vast continent, hitherto so little explored, which adjoins those islands, and whence, indeed, it seems to have been originally imported into them."

The agency of man, in limiting the increase of the inferior animals, and in extirpating certain races, was perhaps never more strikingly exemplified than in the case of the Dodo. That a species so remarkable in its character should become extinct, within little more than two centuries, so that the fact of its existence at all has been doubted, is a circumstance which may well excite our surprise, and lead us to a consideration of similar changes which are still going on from the same cause. These changes in our own country, where the rapid progress of civilization has compelled man to make incessant war upon many species that gave him offence, or that afforded him food or clothing,

are sufficiently remarkable. The beaver was a native of our rivers in the time of the Anglo-Saxons; but, being eagerly pursued for its fur, had become scarce at the end of the ninth century, just in the same way as the species is now becoming scarce in North America. In the twelfth century its destruction was nearly complete. The wolf is extirpated, although it existed in Scotland at the end of the seventeenth century. The last bear perished in Scotland in 1057. In Isaac Walton's *Angler*, published soon after the time of Charles I., we have a dialogue between the angler and a hunter of otters—a citizen who walked into the neighborhood of Tottenham, to chase the animals in the small rivers of Middlesex. How rarely is an otter now found! The wild cat and the badger are seldom discovered, although they were formerly common;—the wild boar is never heard of. The eagle is now scarcely to be seen, except in the wildest fastnesses of the Highlands;—and the crane, the egret, and the stork, who were once the undisturbed tenants of the marshes with which the country was covered, are fled before the progress of cultivation. A single Bustard (already mentioned) is now rarely found; they were formerly common in our downs and heaths, in flocks of forty or fifty. The wood grouse, which about fifty years ago were the tenants of the pine-forests of Scotland and Ireland, are utterly destroyed. Facts such as these may show us that the recent existence, and the supposed extirpation of the Dodo, may be supported by well-known examples in our own country.—*Penny Magazine*.

RATHER OBTUSE.—Travelling along in a buggy, I overtook an elderly, honest-looking German, a member, as he afterwards informed me, of the Lutheran church. I invited him to take a seat with me, and after a little hesitation he did so. On my asking where he was from, he said he was just from Arkansas, that it was a sickly country; he had taken a great deal of calomel and quinine, and had suffered a great deal. Thinking it a favorable time to spiritualize a little, I told him that these things must be expected more or less in this world. But, said I, there is a land where the inhabitants never say, I am sick. After thinking a little, he looked up and said, "I tink dat musht be Wishoonsin!"

MORALS OF FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

Let us enter that magnificent house, with the brown-stone front, and the Winter garden jutting out from the main building, and one of the shutters in each window half closed, in order that the passers-by may see that they are of the finest satin wood picked out with gold. Passing through large drawing-rooms *en suite*, and divided by Morisco arches, we will softly enter the little boudoir on the left, where in the midst of the dim light that steals through the windows, stained a pale rose color, a lady reclines in a luxurious fauteuil, reading. She is very lovely. Her dress is orientally rich and picturesque, but an air of terrible languor overspreads her beauty. While she is finishing that bad chapter in the worst of Paul de Kock's novels, we will tell you a few facts about her.

She was brought up to make a good match. She left a fashionable boarding-school at the age of fifteen, with a perfect knowledge of dancing, the French language, and the art of putting on a shawl. A Summer at a fashionable watering-place prepared her morals and her manners for a larger sphere of society, and at sixteen she made her *début*. She was the rage for two years, and went everywhere, but when verging on her nineteenth year, her mother observed with alarm that her appearance was beginning to fade, and it was determined that she should marry forthwith; so she became Madame before she was twenty. And what sort of a heart did she bring her husband? One with youth and freshness, and purity to sanctify their intercourse? Pshaw! what has she to do with such things! She was never young. She was brought up from her cradle to look upon everything as moral that was expedient, and when she married, married for an establishment. Her husband soon found out her heartlessness, and took to clubs when his business hours were over. And she has nothing to do all the day long, but to sit in satin chairs, and read corrupt French novels, and flirt with idle young men. Over that luxurious home there floats no angel of happiness. Its owners lead a dreary, sensual life, miserable and splendid. None of those peaceful joys which less fashionable people know, are ever to be found there. Virtuous

love shuns the place, and its mistress presides there in her beauty and magnificence, haunted by a nameless agony, like those gorgeous monarchs in the hall of Eblis, who reigned in unceasing pain. And thus her life wears on, until some day the bubble bursts.

And there was what might have been a happy home destroyed for ever by a vicious system of education, and a false system of society. If that girl had been brought up to look upon marriage as a sacred responsibility, instead of an advantageous settlement—if her heart had not been indurated by her mother's ceaseless counsels to encourage only such men as would make a good *partie*—if she had been taught that women had other duties in life to fulfil besides dancing well, and managing a man—things might have been different.

Our fashionable society in this city is a sham, from beginning to end. It is utterly unsound, depraved and unnatural—a deceptive piece of rotten wood, made to look shiny with French polish, and glittering with the phosphorescent light of corruption—a copper cent, trying its very best to look like a five-franc piece, and, what is worse, in nine cases out of ten succeeding.—*N. York Times.*

THE CEREALIA, OR CULTIVATED GRAINS.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

MAIZE, OR INDIAN CORN. (*Zea-Mays.*)

This plant belongs to the natural order Gramineæ. Its structure entitles it to be regarded as one of the grasses. The stem is cylindrical and jointed, the leaves alternate, and embracing the stem with a sheath which is slit on one side down to its origin. The flowers are unisexual and exceedingly simple in their structure, affording a fine illustration of the Linnæan class monœcia, in which the stamens and pistils are borne in separate flowers on the same plant.

It is well known that the flowering panicle at the summit of the stem never produces corn. These are the stamiferous flowers. The pistilliferous or fertile flowers form a dense spike, enclosed in a husk or sheath of bracts, or imperfectly developed stem-leaves. The styles of the pistils—one to each grain—are filiform and very long, and the whole of them are protruded and pendulous from the sheath, in the

form of a silky tuft or tassel. When the pollen in the stamiferous flowers is fully ripe it descends in clouds on the pistilliferous flowers which are closely aggregated in the spike beneath. Fertilization having thus been accomplished, the vegetative functions of the plant languish, it loses its verdure as the grain ripens, the silken tassel withers away, the bracts remaining about the mature fruit as a closely enveloping and protective sheath.

Another interesting feature in the botanical structure of the maize is the provision made for the support of its stem, in the advanced stages of its growth in addition to that which is afforded by its root. From the lower joints of the stem after it has attained a certain height above the ground, aerial roots are protruded which descend to the ground as props. The tall stem, with its heavy spike of ripening grain, thus acquires the needful strength, the extra supports being clearly developed to prevent the plant from being overturned by the violence of the winds.

Indian corn is one of the most valuable of the Cerealia, or cultivated grains. Every part of this plant is useful in rural and domestic economy. About the time of flowering the stem and leaves are replete with a rich saccharine juice, and afford a nutritious food for cattle. The young and immature grains are well known to be excellent, and when fully ripe are still more valuable and serviceable as an article of food.

In the preparation called hominy, the grain is first soaked, and then exposed to a drying heat, which causes the pericarps or bran to crack and peel off; the grain is then easily separated from the bran.

Owing to its deficiency in gluten, maize is not well adapted for making bread; however, when reduced to meal, it can be made into cakes. Indian corn throughout the whole of the Continent of North America enters largely into the common food of the people in a variety of ways. It is one of those valuable native plants which Providence has placed on this great Continent as food for its vast population. Repeated attempts have been made to cultivate it in England, but, hitherto, without success; the English Summer is too short, and Autumn too humid. It grows best in its native clime, and is cultivated in America with less labor probably than any other grain.

The husks or sheathing leaves which envelope the corn remain until it is fully ripe, and are either ground up with the grain as food for stock, or used for fuel. In the south of Europe, these husks are very extensively used in packing up oranges and lemons; and in South America they are selected by the Spaniards in order to make cigarettes. For this purpose, small squares are cut from the Indian corn husks or wrappers and the tobacco rolled in them. The husks or envelopes of the Indian corn have also been manufactured into very good paper.

I LEAVE THEE FOR AWHILE, MY LOVE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I leave thee for awhile, my love, I leave thee
with a sigh,
The fountain spring within my soul is playing
in my eye;
I do not blush to own the tear—let, let it touch
my cheek,
And what my lip has failed to tell, that drop
perchance may speak.
Mavourneen! when again I seek my green isle
in the west,
Oh, promise thou wilt share my lot, and set this
heart at rest.

I leave thee for awhile, my love; but every
hour will be
Uncheer'd and lonely till the one that brings me
back to thee.

I go to make my riches more; but where is man
to find
A vein of gold so rich and pure as that I leave
behind?
Mavourneen, though a fairy's hand should build
a diamond nest,
Till thou wouldst share and make it warm, this
heart would know no rest.

I leave thee for awhile, my love; my cheek is
cold and white,
But ah, I see a promise stand within thy glance
of light;
When next I seek old Erin's shore, thy step will
bless it too,
And then the grass will seem more green, the
sky will have more blue.
Mavourneen, first and dearest loved, there's
sunshine in my breast,
For thou wilt share my future lot, and set this
heart at rest.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY EMMA LINLEY.

No. 1.

P—, Monday, May 16th, 18—.

This day has been a most important one in my life. I arose this morning very early, full of a pleasant consciousness that I was henceforth to be of some consequence beyond the walls of home. Above the feeling of my own importance, however, arose trust in my Heavenly Father, through whose assistance alone I may hope to become a good teacher. I knew that the heavy responsibility I was assuming, would be but ill-suited to my unaided powers; but, looking to Him for strength, I was very confident of success.

For some time past, I have been very earnestly striving to prepare myself for my anticipated duties. I have viewed the conduct of the teachers who helped to form my character, far more critically than I should ever have thought of doing under other circumstances. The question—"What shall I do if similarly situated?"—as applied to each little item of remembered school discipline, has but too often been mentally answered by the thought that it would not be right for me to follow the example of my early instructors.

I have a high ideal of the character of a good teacher, which has been formed mostly, I believe, by recollections of Emily J—. I was only ten years old when she taught our school. I had rather feared than loved earlier teachers, but there was no fear, saving that of causing her unhappiness, blended with the love, we all felt for her. How did she gain so powerful an influence over our young hearts? Can I be like her? How many times, during the past few weeks, have I asked myself these questions, but I must not stop to answer them to-night, since I have thus far made so little progress in recording the events of the day.

Before breakfast, I busied myself, for a while, in completing the packing of my trunk. Addie, dear child, stood by, looking so woe-begone, that I really pitied her.

"What shall we do, Lizzie?" said she. "There will be no one to tell us so many nice stories as you do; and you are taking so many of the story books, we shall have nothing to read."

I laughed outright as I caught the idea that

half her grief was due to the loss of those stories, which she had probably read a dozen times each. I repented my ill-timed mirth immediately, and as penance, left my packing unfinished, while I seated myself among the children and told them the nice little story of "Willie and his Dog."

They were then as happy as ever, and we had a nice chat of my school of little children at P—. I was very much amused by the oddity of some of their remarks—they certainly fear that my teaching school will make some magical change in me. When I told them I was taking some of our little books to read to the children, each was anxious to have me take those she considered as her private property, so I was enabled to gratify all by selecting one from the little store of each. They were very much pleased when I told them they would all have opportunities to visit my school, and promised them that every time I should be away more than a week, I would write a little letter to each of them. By the time breakfast was ready, they were delighted with the idea of my leaving them.

"How can your mother do without you, Lizzie?" said father, just then; so earnestly that it brought tears to my eyes, as I noticed that the newspaper which had prevented our talking to him, was wrong side upward. There was so much of praise in that brief sentence, with so much of just reproach, that I have persisted in leaving home this Summer, contrary to his wishes, that I would gladly have indulged in a hearty cry. It is his love for me which makes him wish to keep me at home; he thinks I am too young to meet the trials which must accompany my leaving it. Had not Mr. Davis assisted me in meeting his objections, I doubt if I should have obtained his permission to come here; since he consented he has not spoken of his wishes, but has tried every way to make my situation a pleasant one. He saw Mr. Dean on Saturday, and told him he need not go for me, as is customary, since my brother would wish to bring me. How much better I enjoyed the ride with Charles, than I should have done with a stranger.

We rode directly to the school-house, which we found locked; I had just found a place of safety for my school books, when a man came. I began to realize that I was indeed a country "school ma'am," as I talked with him. My

heart was fluttering with excitement, but I am sure I was dignified; yes, very dignified for me, and it was not assumed dignity either—it was that same feeling of importance from my office.

As it wanted yet more than a half hour of school time, we proceeded a fourth of a mile farther to Mr. Dean's, which is to be my home for the season. First appearances were not eminently prepossessing, yet I well remember that it was Monday morning—Mrs. Dean and her worthy sister-in-law certainly took the interruption to their washing operations, with the greatest equanimity. After a few minutes' conversation, and a glance at my room, which I will describe some other time, I was escorted to the school room by the two children. I found nearly a dozen pupils awaiting me, and as many more came soon after. With them I have spent a pleasant day, but it does not seem real to me. Everything is so new and strange that I cannot realize I am the same girl as at home. I would like to see mother, and all the rest too, but I am very well contented.

I shall certainly have an opportunity to try my skill in correcting bad grammar and want of respectful manners in some of those youngsters. One little fellow said to me, "I hain't got no jography—little Jimmy tore it all up when I was to *hum*, and I couldn't help but let him, coz ma'am was gone, and he'd a yelled so if I hadn't."

I did not laugh at one of their droll blunders, but I am sure I should have done so, had there been any one to have laughed with me. It sounded oddly to hear little urchins telling that John Carter lives in "this 'ere" house, and Bill Jones in "that 'ere." It is astonishing how often they can contrive to use those disagreeable words and the double negative; but the title Mr. seems to have been banished from the neighborhood, for I have not heard it spoken here to-day. I am the only titled person in the district, and they repeat mine over and over, till what has always seemed ridiculous, begins to be hateful. By little and little I must correct all these, and many more mistakes, without wounding the feelings of any. The children were all neatly dressed and healthy looking; many of them were rather shy, watching me closely, but answering only in monosyllables when addressed. Some of the quiet ones were so pretty in their bashfulness, that I do not expect any of the coarse-

ness in their speech which I have noticed in others. When the Summer is past, and I have corrected all their awkward ways, shall I not feel self-satisfied?

I told the children to-night that I should read a story to all who would come to-morrow morning five minutes before school time. Many of them live so far from the school-house, they will be very like to be late often, unless I provide some greater inducement to come early than their lessons will afford. I have made so many nice plans to assist them in their studies, they certainly ought to improve rapidly, and I think they will. I was somewhat troubled by the multiplicity of books, but I must learn to make the best of such trifling disadvantages. My twenty-three scholars brought six different kinds of reading books—this will take very much more of my time than the reading would occupy, were they better classified. Other teachers have had the same classes, and I will not be the one to recommend a change.

Charlie said this morning he knew I should be home-sick before night, but he was very much mistaken. Me, home-sick, indeed! I hope I know better than to indulge such foolish feelings. My Heavenly Father is as near to me here as at home, and I cannot too soon learn to depend more upon Him, and less upon earthly parents.

NO. II.

Wednesday, May 18th—4¼ o'clock P. M.

MR SCHOOLROOM.—Oh! how my head aches and how sore my throat is; but my heart aches most of all. How very foolish I am! Last night, when I wrote, I was striving to convince myself that I was not home-sick. I am past that now—I *am* home-sick—I cannot help it. I try to pray for assistance, but I believe I don't know how, for no answer comes.

Everything seems out of sorts—the weather is so cold and windy for the season. My room, at Mr. Dean's, seems so very cheerless, with its carpetless floor and walls papered with old newspapers—these children follow me so closely every move I make, and worst of all I am so easily troubled. I know the fault is mostly in me, and it makes me vexed with myself. Trifles, which only seemed strange or laughable, day before yesterday, now add to my discomfort. Even my very watch torments me—the dear, pretty one, with which I was

so delighted, when father gave it to me, on Monday morning. That night, it said cheerfully, while I lay awake to plan the best way of performing the next day's duties, "Lizzie 'll be good and happy." Last night it kept me awake long after I would gladly have forgotten all care, with its mocking—"Tick, tick, you can't go home," and to-night it repeated distinctly, "You naughty girl."

I remained at the school-room, hoping that Jane and Maria would go home and allow me to be a few minutes alone. They have, however, no idea of deserting me. They have been amusing each other tolerably quietly, but are so sure that their mother will not be anxious about them, when I hint the necessity of their going home alone, as I have some writing to do, that I begin to despair of their leaving me at all. I cannot much longer repress these tears, and should they see me weep, what can I tell them?

How ridiculous the idea! a school ma'am crying to go home. I believe it was that tormenting name, which made me home-sick. I used to be Lizzie! How weak and foolish I am. My father aid me! I must not indulge these feelings longer. I will write no more here, since I am so unreasonable. Now I will write copies in the dozen copy-books before me, and then I will go with the children.

Thursday, May 19th—Evening.

Strange work I am making of my new journal. Here is a page all tear-stained. It is a shame to me, but it shall remain here to remind me of my foolishness. When I am disposed to be discouraged again, I can turn here and let this warn me. I do not say *home-sick* again, because old ladies say one never feels thus but once in his life. I am sure I hope I shall not again, for I was miserable enough for a while. After writing here, last night, I prepared the copy-books, and then came to Mr. Dean's. I had gained sufficient command of my feelings to converse as usual during tea. Soon after, wrapping myself closely, in my thick shawl, I walked briskly towards home, until out of sight of any house—then I walked slowly back and forth for a long time. I was very home-sick, but I shed few tears—they would have been a relief to me, then. Every feeling was paralyzed, or rather absorbed in the one wish for home. I had no hope or fear for the future of my school; I

cared nothing for my reputation as a teacher, and I fear but too little for my duty. I prayed earnestly for strength, at the same instant that I knew I was doing myself wrong by walking so long upon the cold, damp ground.

It began to grow dark. How could I go back to Mr. Dean's, feeling so utterly miserable? Just then I heard a carriage approaching. I knew it would be unpleasant to be seen standing irresolute, in that secluded place, so I started rapidly forward. It seemed but an instant before the carriage stopped at my side, and Charles spoke to me:

"Why, Lizzie! is it you?" (How glad I was!) "Father sent me here to bring you home to-night, if you will come."

"Yes, indeed, I will go!" I exclaimed, and seated myself at his side, with only a happy, childish feeling of relief, without one thought for duty. As Charlie was turning the horse, to proceed immediately home, a little of my common sense returned, and I said:

"We must go to Mr. Dean's, or they will know nothing where I am, and then how am I to come here again?"

"Father has business beyond here to-morrow and he will bring you in the morning. Mother and the children know nothing of my coming here, so we can give them a nice surprise."

When we left Mr. Dean's, starting rapidly towards home, I said earnestly:

"Oh, I am so glad you come, for I was as home-sick as I could be!"

Charlie quietly replied:

"Were you? Father said you would be, and I fancy he has been so himself, for he has been sober enough."

Nothing more was said on the subject, and we chatted gaily all the way home. When we arrived, Charles drove to the barn, and I skipped into the sitting-room. How surprised and startled mother was!

"Lizzie! are you sick or home-sick?" said she.

"Home-sick, and that is enough"—I answered, bursting into tears. I had wanted to cry all day, and now that I had got home to mother, and had nothing to grieve me, I sobbed right heartily for a few moments. How glad I was that mother was alone, for those tears did me good, and she soothed me so gently. She said she and father had expected that I

would be home-sick; she reminded me that I am not yet sixteen, and had never been twenty-four hours from home before, without some of the family. Then she told me that father had been pitying me all the week, because he remembered how sadly he felt once when home-sick. Father had been home-sick, and he so good. I began to feel quite encouraged about my poor, silly self. Then Charlie came in, and we were talking busily, when all the children came rushing down stairs, in their night-clothes, exclaiming:

"Lizzie's come!" Father came in, at the same instant, and, if he did not make so much noise about it, I believe he was as glad to see me, at home, as any one. I concluded that it was well worth while to leave home, since there is so much pleasure in returning again.

This morning, everything was bright and beautiful. I enjoyed the ride here, with father and Jennie, very much. Father says he shall have considerable business at A — during the Summer, and he will always time his rides there, so as to have my company a part of the way. He is so very kind, and loves me so dearly, how good I must be.

Jennie stayed with me till father returned, about three o'clock. I should love my pupils for their kindness to her, if for nothing else. The day must have seemed very long to the dear little birdie, had she been obliged to sit the whole time at my desk, but some of the girls seemed to feel acquainted with her at a glance, and to know how to show their kind feelings better than many older people would have done.

I am thankful that I wrote no more yesterday, since I was thinking so unjustly of everything here; nothing has seemed the same to-day. My school is a pleasant one. What if the children do sometimes murder the king's English? They are good and pretty, and it will be far less disagreeable to correct such blunders, than to break habits of profanity. I think we shall have a happy Summer; I am resolved that it shall not be my fault if they do not acquire a great deal of general information as well as progress rapidly in their school books.

My room at Mr. Dean's, which was so unsatisfactory yesterday, is quite a cozy little place, and there is a fine view from the window. Miss Dean told me this noon, the reason

of its being papered with pieces of newspapers. It was the room of her sister Margaret, who died twenty years ago. She cut stories, which pleased her, from papers, and covered the walls, as I see them now. Her mother, who makes a long visit here every autumn, wishes them to remain thus as long as she lives. Would I wish them altered? No indeed, I have even loved Miss Rebecca, since she told me this, with the shadow of a tear in her eye. There is a bit of romance about her yet, if she is so old and eccentric. I must cultivate her acquaintance, though I like Mrs. Dean better. Mr. Dean seems to think I know everything, (he probably thinks I ought to) and talks to me continually of politics and party questions; fortunately he agrees with father pretty well, so I generally have a slight idea of the subjects he discusses.

I feel really more contented to-night, more willing to wait till the proper time, before I see the family at home, than I have done any evening before, this week.

No. III.

Monday, May 23d.

Six new scholars presented themselves to-day. I believe I started with surprise, when I entered the school room this morning and saw so many new faces. I was not glad to see them. I had congratulated myself that my order of recitations was wholly decided upon; that my little books for keeping school accounts were all neatly made, with the names in their places, and everything so nicely regulated that I fancied all would go on like clockwork. It required a full half hour of my time, this morning, to have the necessary conversation with each new pupil and classify them—to-night, another half hour has been spent in enlarging my school records. The trifling inconvenience to myself would not be worth minding, but these new comers are one week behind their classes, and that week lost will trouble them for a long time to come.

I was surprised to learn that they had very trifling excuses for their absence last week. One, my oldest pupil, did not come before, because she did not know as she should like the "school ma'am," and therefore waited for the report of others; I am half disposed to wish that it had not been so favorable, for she is certainly no improvement to our school, though a

large addition. It seems so strange to call her Alice—I never knew any one by that name before, except sweet Alice Perry, and I had such a pretty ideal of gentle Alice. There is "something in a name"—I am sure I never expected to see a quiet, gentle Peggy, or a coarse romping Alice; now, I shall never again dare form an opinion of one from her name.

Alice Mortimer—I wish I knew her only as an ideal, she is so very uninteresting as a reality. I never before saw so large a girl of fourteen—I cannot wonder that she is awkward, for a long time must be necessary to get accustomed to such a mountain of self. I could love her just as well, notwithstanding her uncouth way of managing her great limbs, if she would evince the slightest intellect or refinement. She has such a constant, simple leer upon her face, and twists her little (?) finger in her mouth so comically, that I would laugh if I did not pity her so very much.

She certainly is very bashful. When I tried to talk with her about her studies, she answered only in curt whispers. I did feel strangely to have that great creature, who, if appearances are not deceptive, might throw me out of doors with one hand, seem so frightened by my quietest tone. She said she intended to do nothing but read, spell and study geography. I asked why she declined arithmetic and grammar. She said she never did like figuring, and she knew it would "never do her no good to know how to parse." Thinking to oppose her on but one study at a time, I dropped all thought of grammar, and assured her that her disliking arithmetic was the very best reason why she should devote a great deal of attention to it. I tried to encourage her as I would have done any other pupil, but soon found that I wasted words on her. I borrowed an arithmetic and enquired how far she had ever studied; she showed me that she had been nearly through the simple rules, but added that she never understood a word of it.

"Ah," said I, "then you *must* study it; I am very sure I can make you understand it."

Shall I ever forget her face as it appeared at that instant?

I involuntarily started back, lest her dropping under lip should fall on me. She began to whimper and wipe her eyes with the back of her hand in the most ridiculous manner. I was so astonished that I knew not what to say

at first; then I told her that she might confine her attention to the books she had brought, for a few days, as I would soon see her mother and leave the matter to her decision. I was very certain that the result would be a tall class in mathematics for me, but she seemed just as sure that her mother would decide in her favor, and immediately drying her tears, she looked so foolish.

From Miss Rebecca's account, I begin to think that she knew better than I. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer have buried eight children, and have only this daughter, now; consequently, they are spoiling her by injudicious indulgence. Did I merely consult my own pleasure, I should not desire, very earnestly, the privilege of teaching her arithmetic; but I determined to do the very best I can for her. I dread going to see her mother. Introducing myself to strangers, whom I am anxious to impress favorably, is something to which I am not accustomed. I must become acquainted with all the parents, and I look upon the exertions I must make for the purpose as the most disagreeable part of my Summer's duties. However, I will not allow my fancy to picture dull calls and unpleasant visits, to-night.

I have not forgotten that I commenced enumerating the frivolous causes which prevented my having a larger band of pupils, last week. Demure little Betsy Wood was kept at home to tend a baby brother, while her mother finished house cleaning. Rosy-faced Martha Worden stayed at home because her new dress was not finished. John Carter had to help his father, he said. I wonder what such a little fellow as he can do? Willie Wright had no excuse; he preferred to play, I suppose, and is his own master. Bright little Fanny Moore, who lives in the white house just in sight of the school house, said her mother was gone all the week, and Susan could not find one of her books. Those her mother found are sadly torn and dog's-eared; but I know I shall love the child dearly, though she does seem so very careless. She has dropped her book several times, to-day. Each time she looked up timidly, while she clapped her hand over her pretty mouth, and every feature seemed to beg my pardon. I must not indulge these heedless habits because she is pretty. To-day, I merely told her I was sorry, but I know I shall be obliged to adopt some more efficient measure

before I can influence her beyond the passing moment.

Tuesday, May 24th, 18—.

Fanny Moore was late, this morning. When I explained to her that not only does every tardy child lose the story, or such other amusement as I provide for the first exercise, but she must have a mark placed against her name, to be read at the close of each week and at such other times as we have company, she burst into tears, and sobbed out—

"I could not come any earlier. Mother said I must not come till I found my new cape-bonnet. Oh! dear; shall you put a black mark to me now?"

Upon my asking if she knew any reason why I should not, she could only say—

"I wanted to come early. I wanted to hear the rest of that story very much!"

Then I called the attention of the school to the fact that Fanny had been tardy, and I wished them to decide whether she must be marked or not. She looked up appealingly and hopefully to the other children. I told them that no excuse could alter the fact that a child had been late; explained to them that, though it might sometimes be right to stop to do something for others, even then I must put down the mark. Then I asked if any one could think of any reason why Fanny should not be marked. No one could. Her head was dropped between her hands, but raised, very suddenly, when I said—

"Perhaps I can."

Then I reminded them that I had marked no one the first three days of school, and had not particularly explained our system of marks to the new scholars. I asked those to raise their hands who thought it better to consider to-day as Fanny's second day of school, and let her record commence day after to-morrow. Every hand was raised. I was glad to see them; not only because it evinced so much good feeling in the school, for Fanny will have so much stronger a motive to avoid tardiness than she otherwise would do. The first mark troubles a child very much more than later ones. Fanny, though very heedless, is quite as sensitive, I find, and has approbateness strongly developed. By appealing to that, I might, perhaps, cure her of her carelessness easier than any other way; but I will endeavor not to strengthen that faculty, which is, perhaps,

already too large. I have, in this case, taken advantage of it, but I hope, ere long, by little and little, to present higher motives to her notice.

Mr. Davis visited school this afternoon. It was the first call I have had in school, and I was conscious of blushing when he came in, and of remaining a little excited while hearing one or two classes. Gradually, as I became very much interested in a recitation, I seemed to forget that I was not alone with my little band. The children were very quiet. As I regained my self-possession, and explained everything to them, as usual, telling them two or three little historical anecdotes, connected with their lesson, they overcame the timidity which at first prevented their speaking louder than a whisper, and we were just to ourselves. When the ordinary school exercises were concluded, Mr. Davis spoke to the children. I was much pleased with his remarks, particularly his promise to come often to watch our progress.

When the children had dispersed, he walked to my boarding-place with me. He talked to me so pleasantly and so encouragingly, that I was sorry our walk was no longer. When he was talking he seemed so sincere, and my respect for him was so great, that I never thought of his praising me more than he believed my due. Now, I find myself debating the question, "Could Mr. Davis stoop to flattery? I hope he would not; yet he told me that I, with my present wish to do my whole duty, may do more good here this Summer than he can. Foolish girl that I have been!—I have sometimes thought that an earnest teacher's influence might be greater than a minister's; but my thoughts on the subject were all generalizations—I never dreamed of comparing my influence with that of any pastor I know. I will not, however, believe Mr. Davis intended to flatter me; he is too good for that—he was only mistaken. He does not hear the enthusiastic praises of "our minister," which all are ready to bestow. He is not aware of the power of his own influence for good, and because he sees me earnest and hopeful he builds air-castles for me, just as I so frequently do for myself. I must try not to disappoint him. He certainly expects a great deal of me. I am glad he does. With my Heavenly Father's assistance I ought to do much.

Mr. Davis was pleased with my resolution to become acquainted with all the parents; he says there is no better way to ensure their co-operation, than to let them see, by personal intercourse, the interest I really take in their children. Here my thoughts come again, to that dreaded call at Mr. Mortimer's—I wish I had told Mr. Davis the circumstances—he knows Mrs. M. so well that he could at least have told me whether my call is likely or not to be received as an unwarrantable intrusion. Never mind, I will banish the subject once more, not without remembering that I may hope for the guidance of One infinitely more powerful than any of His servants.

Mr. D. remained here to tea. Just before he left, he remarked that, as he considered me one of his parishioners for the season, he had expected to see me at church last Sabbath. I told him I was at home. "All very well," he replied, "you will need to go home occasionally, but Mrs. Davis wished me to invite you to spend every Sabbath morning at the parsonage.

I wish the village were nearer—a foolish wish, however, for, if I were nearer the village, I should be farther from home.

No. IV.

Thursday, May 26th, 18—.

I am very tired. That fact will not admit of a doubt. I was tired, as I always am, when school finished, and since then I have walked three miles and a quarter, besides exercising my mind all the time. My call at Mr. Mortimer's is among the things that were. It did not prove so disagreeable a reality as it had seemed in anticipation, but I cannot describe my walk and calls, to-night, for I am too much fatigued to sit up longer. Miss Rebecca is very kind. She has just made arrangements for me to take a nice bath. Well, everybody is kind to me, I believe; but that is no reason why I should sit here scribbling, when I can show my appreciation of Miss Dean's kindness in a way much better calculated to give her satisfaction than writing praise, which she can never read.

Friday, May 27th, morn.

Thanks to a refreshing bath, and a night of good sleep, I am fully rested this morning. I have laid my work aside, that I may write of last night's calls.

Alice was not at school, yesterday, but I resolved that her absence should not lead me to neglect longer an unpleasant duty. As soon as school finished, I started, with the dozen children who go that way, for my long walk. I am very sure that I talked with them all the way, but I have no idea what I said. I fancy I was not as agreeable as usual. I tried to feel an interest in their remarks. I tried to answer them properly, and, as they seemed pleased with me, I will be satisfied with myself on that score. Fortunately, we were walking upon a road which they knew I had never travelled before, so, as is rarely the case, they had more to tell me than questions to ask.

When I reached Mr. Mortimer's gate, and had bidden the children good-bye, I hesitated but a moment. I was weary. A walk of a mile and one-half, with two little ones to lead, who, however slowly I might walk, seemed disposed to be just a step behind, was no trifling tax upon my strength. I was about to make a call where I might be received coldly, most likely awkwardly, and conscious that I should need all my wits collected, I was quite as conscious that I was unfit for even ordinary exertion. With an earnest prayer for the assistance I so much needed, I rapped at the front door of the pleasant-looking farmhouse. I was not anxious to obtain admittance; so I waited very patiently during the few minutes before the door opened.

Alice opened it, with her usual bashful grin upon her great face. Without saying one word, or giving me a chance to say more than "Good afternoon," she turned about, and walked across the entry towards a door at the right. For a single second, I was completely nonplussed. My intellect was very suddenly brightened, I fancy, for I never thought more rapidly in my life. Quicker, however, than I can write it, she turned her face over one shoulder, evidently to see if I was following. Perceiving that her strange welcome was only a result of awkwardness, I followed her through the entry to the parlor. Here, while she was rolling up one of the green paper window-shades, and folding the newly ironed clothes, which had been hung over the backs of the chairs to air, I asked her why she had not been at school, if her mother was at home, and when she would come. Her answers were brief and to the point—"Had a cold;" "Gone

to the street;" "Expect her every minute." When she had unloaded her odd clothes' horse, she left the room. I knew not what to think of her departure; but, as rest was very desirable, I leisurely leaned back in the rocking chair, in which I had ensconced myself, and took a survey of my quarters. The room was large. The floor, though uncovered and unpainted, was so white as to be pretty. Then there was a fireplace filled with evergreen; a mantel, with a pair of brass candlesticks, a piece of coral and a sea-shell; a table with a few books and a fancy box upon it; a looking-glass, decorated with peacock feathers; eight common wood chairs and a stiff-looking cricket. When Alice re-appeared, I was ready to acknowledge her one of the kindest hostesses I had ever met, and reproached myself for having ever imagined her otherwise. Had she not met me at the door with a foreknowledge that I should be too much fatigued to enjoy conversation? Had she not led the way to a place of rest instead of merely standing aside and pointing it out to me, as ordinary people would have done? Then had she not busied herself about her own affairs, that I might rest undisturbed? Now she was coming with a nice, large glass of water, just what I needed most. Here was true politeness, taught by instinct, and as I looked at her I noticed that the expression of her face had changed to a look of kindly interest for my comfort. I wonder if the change was wholly in me.

I felt very much refreshed. So, after trying in vain to engage Alice in conversation, I concluded to make my first call at Mr. Carter's, which is a little way beyond. After telling Alice my intention to return soon, I walked slowly to Mr. Carter's. I was not dreading a cold reception here. I had liked the appearance of the children very much, and, from their evident good breeding, had judged their mother favorably. Walking past a field, pretty near the house, I saw Johnny, on horseback, helping his father plough. As they were near the fence, I said to the smiling little fellow—

"You are helping father, now, are you?"

He nodded, and his father said—

"Yes, Miss Howard, he helps me very much. I was sorry to keep him from school last week, but the season is so late that our work comes all at once. I hope to spare him all the while now."

Here was another mistake of mine. I had thought that Johnny's excuse was hardly better than none at all, I had been so sure that a boy of eight is useless. I must be very careful how I form my opinions of people without sufficient data.

At Mr. Carter's, a pleasant looking-woman answered my knock, who assented to my inquiry, if it were Mrs. Carter. When I had told her she might call me Miss Howard, received her cheerful welcome, and seated myself in the common sitting-room, I felt perfectly at ease. Rarely have I enjoyed a chat with a stranger so well. I was really sorry that I could stay no longer. Just as I was taking leave, Mary and Eliza came in from gathering wild flowers—each divided her bunch, giving one half to her mother, the other to me. Mary seems older at home than at school, quite womanly, though only twelve years old. I promised Mrs. Carter to go home with the children from school some night soon, to stay till they return in the morning.

This nice commencement to my calling duties encouraged me so much, that when I again knocked at Mr. Mortimer's, I had forgotten the possibility of my being unwelcome. Mrs. Mortimer did not meet me with the same frank cordiality as Mrs. Carter, but it was not from any lack of kind feeling towards me. I saw instantly that she was slightly embarrassed, and thought the best way to relieve her would be to speak at once of the object of my call. As I expected, her motherly feeling led her very soon to forget that I was a stranger, and only look upon me as one interested in her child. In a little time she was talking quite confidentially. She alluded to the many afflictions she had experienced, and said that she was aware that she and her husband had been far less strict in their government of Alice than they should have been, had their other darlings lived. She told me that Alice has never been to school a week at a time in her life—she has never wished to compel her to go, lest the long walk should injure her health, and usually a few days of school has been sufficient to convince her that it is pleasanter to stay at home and keep her mother company, or follow her father about the farm. She has been with her father a great deal through her childhood, but now begins to feel a little womanly delicacy about joining him when there are hired men

about. She has grown so fast that she feels her own awkwardness, and thereby increases it. Her bashfulness has concealed a sensitiveness and closeness of observation, of which I had never dreamed. She told her mother last night that she should love me dearly, because I was so kind to her, if I would only love her as I did the other girls. She has thought that I felt differently towards her, because she is big and awkward; I certainly have, but I have tried to conceal the fact. I must never indulge a feeling requiring concealment, since I am so awkward a dissembler.

Mrs. Mortimer concluded her account by thanking me so cordially for my interest in Alice, that I really felt ashamed, because I had at first wished she had not come to school. Then I told her of my wish to do all I was able for Alice. I made no larger promises of usefulness to her, than I have done to myself; but I am more likely to succeed, now that I have her sympathy. When we spoke of the arithmetic which had led me there, Mrs. M. seemed very thankful that I was so earnest in my wish to teach her daughter. She said Alice had frequently joined a class in arithmetic, but had been absent so much, and always wholly lost the lessons which were recited when she was away, that she presumed it would be more difficult to teach her than it would have been had she never seen the book. She did not try to smooth over my task and make me feel that I was doing her no favor—she alluded to Alice's bashfulness again, saying it would be most likely to so confuse the child in her recitations, as to render my task doubly difficult. To obviate this, I proposed that she should come to the school room before school, to recite. Just then, Alice came in from the field and seated herself upon the cricket at my side. It was easy for me to look upon her as a pupil, now I was not obliged to look up to her. I mentioned to her that I found her mother's wishes coincided with mine; told her how much I expected to teach her, and asked if she thought she could come to school a half hour earlier than the other children for a while, that she might have my undivided attention. She was so prompt in her promise to come, that I feared she did not realize the exertion she must make for the purpose, but she assured me that she did. I told her, if she would try as earnestly to learn as I should try to teach her, she need

not recite arithmetic before the school, till sufficiently advanced to join Mary Carter's class. Her wooden face had been fast becoming intelligent during our conversation, and now it was really expressive. Her mother enjoyed the change as much as I. I was amply repaid for my long, tiresome walk, and as I parted from Mrs. Mortimer and her child, I felt that I had two new friends.

My walk home did not seem long, for the growing darkness compelled me to hurry so much, that I had scarcely time to think; but my rapid walking did not lessen my fatigue.

It is now nearly time to meet Alice. I know that highly as I value my time, it is no mere pleasure to devote an additional half hour each day, to my duties as a teacher; but I may gain sufficient discipline to reward me for the sacrifice, even if I do not succeed in benefiting Alice. I ought to be thankful that she is willing to come. I will try and make her lessons so interesting that she will not mind her long walk alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEATH OF LITTLE MARY MORGAN.

"Father! father!" The clear, earnest voice of Mary was heard calling.

"I'm coming, dear," answered Morgan.

"Come quick, father, won't you?"

"Yes, love." And Morgan got up and dressed himself—but with unsteady hands, and every sign of nervous prostration. In a little while, with the assistance of his wife, he was ready, and, supported by her, came tottering into the room where Mary was lying.

"Oh! father!"—What a light broke over her countenance.—"I've been waiting for you so long. I thought you were never going to wake up. Kiss me, father."

"What can I do for you, Mary?" asked Morgan, tenderly, as he laid his face down upon the pillow beside her.

"Nothing, father. I don't wish for anything. I only wanted to see you."

"I'm here, now, love."

"Dear father!" How earnestly, yet tenderly she spoke, laying her small hand upon his face.

"You've always been good to me, father."

"Oh! no. I've never been good to anybody," sobbed the weak, broken-spirited man, as he raised himself from the pillow.

How deeply touched was Mrs. Slade, as she sat, the silent witness of this scene!

"You haven't been good to yourself, father—but you've always been good to us."

"Don't, Mary! don't say anything about that," interposed Morgan. "Say that I've been very bad—very wicked. Oh! Mary, dear! I only wish that I was as good as you are; I'd like to die, then, and go right away from this evil world. I wish there was no liquor to drink—no taverns—no bar-rooms. Oh! dear! Oh! dear! I wish I was dead."

And the weak, trembling, half-palsied man laid his face again upon the pillow beside his child, and sobbed aloud.

What an oppressive silence reigned for a time through the room!

"Father." The stillness was broken by Mary. Her voice was clear and even. "Father, I want to tell you something."

"What is it, Mary?"

"There'll be nobody to go for you, father."

The child's lips now quivered, and tears filled into her eyes.

"Don't talk about that, Mary. I'm not going out in the evening any more until you get well. Don't you remember, I promised?"

"But, father—" She hesitated.

"What, dear?"

"I'm going away to leave you and mother."

"Oh! no—no—no, Mary! Don't say that."

—The poor man's voice was broken.—"Don't say that! We can't let you go, dear."

"God has called me."

The child's voice had a solemn tone, and her eyes turned reverently upward.

"I wish He would call me! Oh! I wish He would call me!" groaned Morgan, hiding his face in his hands. "What shall I do when you are gone? Oh! dear! Oh! dear!"

"Father!" Mary spoke calmly again. "You are not ready to go yet. God will let you live here longer, that you may get ready."

"How can I get ready without you to help me, Mary? My angel child!"

"Hav'n't I tried to help you, father, oh! so many times?" said Mary.

"Yes—yes—you've always tried."

"But it wasn't any use. You would go out—you would go to the tavern. It seemed almost as if you couldn't help it."

Morgan groaned in spirit.

"Maybe I can help you better, father, after I

die. I love you so much, that I am sure God will let me come to you, and stay with you always, and be your angel. Don't you think he will, mother?"

But Mrs. Morgan's heart was too full. She did not even try to answer, but sat, with streaming eyes, gazing upon her child's face.

"Father, I dreamed something about you, while I slept, to-day." Mary again turned to her father.

"What was it, dear?"

"I thought it was night, and that I was still sick. You promised not to go out again until I was well. But you did go out; and I thought you went over to Mr. Slade's tavern. When I knew this, I felt as strong as when I was well, and I got up and dressed myself, and started out after you. But I hadn't gone far, before I met Mr. Slade's great bull-dog Nero, and he growled at me so dreadfully that I was frightened, and ran back home. Then I started again, and went away round by Mr. Mason's. But there was Nero in the road, and this time he caught my dress in his mouth and tore a great piece out of the skirt. I ran back again, and he chased me all the way home. Just as I got to the door, I looked around, and there was Mr. Slade, setting Nero on me. As soon as I saw Mr. Slade, though he looked at me very wicked, I lost all my fear, and, turning around, I walked past Nero, who showed his teeth, and growled as fiercely as ever, but didn't touch me. Then Mr. Slade tried to stop me. But I didn't mind him, and kept right on, until I came to the tavern, and there you stood in the door. And you were dressed so nice. You had on a new hat and a new coat; and your boots were new, and polished just like Judge Hammond's. I said—'Oh! father! is this you?' And then you took me up in your arms and kissed me, and said—'Yes, Mary, I am your real father. Not old Joe Morgan—but Mr. Morgan, now.' It seemed all so strange, that I looked into the bar-room to see who was there. But it wasn't a bar-room any longer; but a store full of goods. The sign of the Sickle and Sheaf was taken down; and over the door I now read your name, father. Oh! I was so glad that I awoke—and then I cried all to myself, for it was only a dream."

The last words were said very mournfully, and with a drooping of Mary's lids, until the

tear-gemmed lashes lay close upon her cheeks. Another period of deep silence followed—for the oppressed listeners gave no utterance to what was in their hearts. Feeling was too strong for speech. Nearly five minutes glided away, and then Mary whispered the name of her father, but without opening her eyes.

Morgan answered, and bent down his ear.

"You will only have mother left," she said: "only mother. And she cries so much when you are away."

"I won't leave her, Mary, only when I go to work," said Morgan, whispering back to the child. "And I'll never go out at night any more."

"Yes; you promised me that."

"And I'll promise more."

"What, father?"

"Never to go into a tavern, again."

"Never!"

"No, never. And I'll promise still more."

"Father?"

"Never to drink a drop of liquor as long as I live."

"Oh! father! dear, dear father!" And with a cry of joy, Mary started up and flung herself upon his breast. Morgan drew his arms tightly around her, and sat for a long time, with his lips pressed to her cheek—while she lay against his bosom as still as death. As death? Yes; for, when the father unclasped his arms, the spirit of his child was with the angels of the resurrection!—*Ten Nights in a Bar Room, by T. S. Arthur.*

CUPID AND THE DIAL.

One day, young frolic Cupid tried

To scatter roses o'er the hours,

And on the dial's face to hide

The course of time with many flowers.

By chance, his rosy wreaths had wound

Upon the hands, and forced them on;

And, when he looked again, he found

The hours had passed, the time was done.

"Alas!" said Love, and dropped his flowers,

"I've lost my time in idle play;

The sweeter I would make the hours,

The quicker they are passed away."

People who are jealous, or particularly careful of their own rights and dignity, always find enough of those who do not care for either to keep them continually uncomfortable.



CRONSTADT.

CRONSTADT.

St. Petersburg is the principal seat of foreign commerce, as Moscow is of the vast internal trade of the empire. The former is the great maritime outlet of the Gulf of Finland, and has an extensive communication with the interior by rivers and canals. Our engraving presents a view of Cronstadt, which is the great naval station of the Russian fleet in the Baltic, and is also the harbor of St. Petersburg, although thirty-one miles distant from that city. The waters of the Neva, on which St. Petersburg stands, are too shallow to admit vessels of large burthen; their cargoes are therefore discharged at Cronstadt, and barges are employed in transporting them to the city. Cronstadt is built on an island about seven miles long and one broad, and the mouth of the harbor is strongly defended by a fortress built on an opposite rock. Here are extensive wet and dry docks, with storehouses and all the great establishments which are requisite in fitting out a fleet and keeping it in repair and fit for service, including foundries for cannon, rope-walks, &c. Canals are constructed which enable a ship of the line to take in her stores close to the warehouses. Cronstadt was founded by Peter the Great.

In 1703 a ship from Holland was the first merchantman that had ever appeared in the Neva, and the captain and crew were treated with great hospitality by Peter. In 1714 sixteen ships arrived; and from 1300 to 1500 now clear inward annually, of which one-half are usually English. The navigation is open about 190 days in the year—from the middle of May to the end of November. Cronstadt contains many good streets, which are well paved, but, with the exception of the public buildings, the houses are built of wood. The principal public edifices are the Admiralty, Naval Hospital, School for Pilots, the Exchange, Custom House, and barracks. In Summer, all is life and animation, for the activity of the year is crowded into the space of a few months; but as the Winter approaches, and the last ships of the season take their departure, fearful of being locked up by the ice, the scene changes, and all becomes dull. The Summer population of Cronstadt amounts to about 40,000, exclusive of soldiers, sailors, and persons employed in the dock-yards.

GENOA.

See engraving, page 81.

Genoa, a seaport of Sardinia, is situated within a bay in a wide gulf, which extends, crescent-like, from the shores of France to those of Tuscany. The harbor, also in the form of a crescent, is about a mile and a half in length, its entrance being guarded by two moles, which run out to within half a mile of each other, thus forming a very safe and commodious anchorage for vessels. It was essentially a commercial city. Its commerce was once carried on in so grand a scale, that the nobles did not disdain to use their funds in trade. The productions of the North and West of Europe, of Spain, Africa, Sicily, and the Levant, found their way into this emporium, and gave employment to the Genoese as shipowners, consignees, brokers and merchants, and with this central port, factors in all the cities, from Lübeck to Cadiz, and along the shores of the Mediterranean, kept up a constant correspondence. But in later years, the business has declined on account of disputes and factions among themselves, and the dealers, becoming dissatisfied, found other ports to answer their purposes. This city gained the title of "*Genova la Superba*," the Magnificent, during the period of its splendor.

The view from the sea is really magnificent. Several hills rise from the harbor and form a semi-circle, on the declivity of which the city is partly built; and a succession of fine buildings, extending two miles, like wings, line a narrow strip of land between the sea and the adjacent heights. Palaces built of marble and surrounded by gardens, with churches and convents, rise one above the other on the steep sides of the hills behind, whose summits are crowned with ramparts, forts and batteries, forming a double line of fortifications, which protect the city on the land side, the exterior line being over eight miles in extent. Beyond these hills are the higher Apennines. The streets are, with few exceptions, narrow, dark, steep and crooked, defects not usually met with in so large a city. The population of Genoa is ninety-four thousand, while the suburbs contain twenty-four thousand more.

Second thoughts are the adopted children of experience.

SELECTED VARIETIES.

He that changes often his trade makes soup in a basket.

One master of a well-regulated house is more beneficial to the State than a hundred political declaimers.

He who knows the world will not be too bashful, and he who knows himself will never be impudent.

The Boston Post gives it as a strange fact that, in the gold-diggings of California, the major part of the people are *miners*.

Supposing Mercury were to pitch Pan into the *Ægean* Sea, what would he become? A dripping Pan.

"Gently the dews are o'er me stealing," as the man said when he had five due bills presented to him at one time.

Notwithstanding the proverb that "poverty is no crime," yet a man without money is invariably set down by the world as one devoid of *principal*.

None are too wise to be mistaken, but few are so wisely just as to acknowledge and correct their mistakes—and especially the mistakes of prejudice.

At a social party, one evening, the question was put, "What is religion?" "Religion," replied one of the party, "religion is an insurance against fire in the next world, for which honesty is the best *policy*."

"What monsters these cotton factors must be," said Mrs. Partington; "I'm told some of 'em has more than a hundred hands. My poor Paul often wanted me to go and see them, but I'm thankful I never went."

Let you be ever so pure, you cannot associate with bad companions without falling into bad odor. Evil company is like tobacco-smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

"Young man, you are wanted. A young woman wants you. Don't forget her. No matter if you are poor. Don't wait to be rich. If you do, ten to one if you are fit to be married at all, to anybody that's fit to be married. Marry while you are young, and struggle up together."

We often look with regret on past joys, as they depart from us, but we forget that every new day has a new joy, which is continually advancing to meet us.

A true tale is told of the late Charles Matthews, that, personating an eccentric old gentleman, a family friend, he drank tea with his mother without her finding out the cheat.

A country player, who had to enact the part of a ghost, asking if he was to bow to the audience, the stage director made answer:—"Why, yes—if you are the ghost of a gentleman, certainly!"

A young lady, says one of our exchanges, remarked to a male friend that she feared he would make a poor sailor. The gentleman promptly answered, "Probably—but I'm sure you would make an excellent *mate*."

The late John Kemble met a man in the street, who appeared extremely distressed and asked charity. He gave him something, observing, "Either that man must be in actual distress, or he is a first-rate actor."

When Voltaire wrote his tragedy of "Merope," he called up his servant, one morning, at three o'clock, and gave him some verses to carry, immediately, to the Sieur Panlin, who was to perform the tyrant. His man alleged that it was the hour of sleep, and that the actor might not like to be disturbed. "Go, I say," replied Voltaire; "tyrants never sleep."

Some one gives the following quaint receipt for the night-mare. Those who are curious in such matters, can try it:—"Just before going to bed, eat two pig's feet and a cold apple pie. In less than an hour you will see a snake larger than a hawser, devouring eight blue-haired children which have just escaped from a monster with sorrel eyes and a red hot overcoat."

DISCRETION.—Lord Mansfield, who was no less eminent for his great acquirements than the acuteness of his understanding, was once asked by a country gentleman, whether he should take upon himself the office of a justice of the peace, as he was conscious of a want of legal knowledge. "My good friend," replied this sagacious lawyer, "you have good sense, honesty, and coolness of temper; these qualities will enable you to judge rightly, but withhold your reasons of decision, for they may be disputable."

SCIENCE ON COMMON THINGS.

INFLUENCE OF CLOUDS UPON THE WIND.—As passing clouds screen the direct heat of the sun from the earth, they diminish the rarefaction of the air also; and this is one of the causes why the strength and currents of air are not uniform.

WHY WATER ROLLS OFF FROM THE LEAVES OF THE CABBAGE AND POPPY.—The reason is, because the leaves are covered with a very fine waxen powder, over which the drops roll without wetting the surface, as they would over dust.

BLOW PIPE—A blow pipe is a tube, usually bent near the end, terminated with a finely pointed nozzle for blowing through the flame of a lamp or gas jet; and producing thereby a small conical flame, possessing very intense heat.

SIMMERING.—Simmering is a gentle tremor or undulation on the surface of the water. When water simmers, the bubbles collapse beneath the surface, and steam is condensed into water again; but when water boils, the bubbles rise to the surface and steam is thrown off.

MELTING OF A PIECE OF SUGAR.—If you hold a piece of sugar in a spoon at the top of your tea, it will melt quicker than if dropped to the bottom. The reason is, as the tea becomes sweetened it falls to the bottom by its own specific gravity, and fresh portions of unsweetened tea are brought constantly in contact with the lump of sugar till all is dissolved.

WHEN A BLACK TEAPOT IS WANTED AND WHEN A METAL ONE.—When it is necessary to set the teapot on the stove "to draw," a black one is best, because it does not reflect the heat, but absorbs it; but when it is to be set upon the table, a polished one is best, because it radiates the heats very slowly, and therefore keeps the tea hot for a longer time.

HONEY DEW.—Honey dew is a sweet liquid deposited in Autumn upon the under surfaces of leaves by a very small insect called the aphid. It is very injurious to the leaves, as it fills the pores in them with a thick, clammy liquid, on account of which the leaves cannot perform their necessary functions, and in a short time they turn to a dingy yellow. Ants are very fond of the honey dew, and will crawl up the loftiest trees to obtain it.

DRUMMOND LIGHT.—A Drummond light is the ignited flame of a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen projected against lime; the lime becomes intensely luminous, and forms the well known Drummond light.

SINGING OF A KETTLE.—When the water simmers the kettle sings; because the air escapes by fits and starts through the spout of the kettle, which makes a noise like a wind instrument. But when the water boils, the air escapes in one continuous stream and not by fits and starts.

WAX CANDLES NEVER NEED SNUFFING.—The reason why wax candles never need snuffing, is because the wick of a wax candle is made of very fine thread, which the heat of the flame is sufficient to consume. The wick of a tallow candle is made of coarse cotton, which is too substantial to be consumed, and therefore must be removed with snuffers.

THE CAUSE OF CURRENTS OF AIR FROM THE EQUATOR TO THE POLES.—The air around the equator constantly ascends in consequence of being rarified by the heat of the sun; as the hot equatorial air descends, cold air from the North and South flows towards the equator to restore the equilibrium, thus causing currents of air.

LOOKING AT THE SUN.—If a person looks at the sun for a few moments, all other things are dark, because the pupil of the eye becomes so contracted that it is too small to collect a sufficient number of rays of light so as to enable it to distinguish colors. But after a few minutes it dilates again, and so accustoms itself to the light.

DANGER OF LEANING AGAINST A WALL DURING A THUNDER STORM.—It is dangerous to lean against a wall during a thunder storm, because the lightning will sometimes run down a wall, and if a man were leaning against the wall, the lightning would leave the wall and run down the man, because the man is a better conductor than the wall.

THE CAUSE OF PETRIFICATION.—While water rolls under ground, its impurities are held in solution by the presence of carbonic acid; but when the stream reaches the open air, its carbonic acid escapes, and these impurities are precipitated on various substances lying in the course of the stream. These impurities are principally carbonate of lime and iron.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

SUNDAY LAW IN PHILADELPHIA.—We are pleased to record the complete triumph in Philadelphia of the Sunday law against liquor selling. The firmness with which the Mayor has enforced the statute, has met with the hearty approval of all good citizens; and the bad men who at first resolved to brave the law, have found themselves impotent in its rigid grasp. There is a statute, approved only last Spring by the Governor of Pennsylvania, which bears with a heavier pressure upon these violators of law than either they or the public were aware. It declares that if any person who is licensed to sell liquor shall do so in violation of any existing statute, his license shall be taken from him. We hope to see this rigidly enforced against each and all of those who have been held to bail by the Mayor, in case the violation of the Sunday law is proved on trial.

What has been done in Philadelphia, can be done in New York and other large cities. All that is needed, is a resolute purpose to do their duty on the part of the public authorities.

CHOIR SINGING.—A correspondent of the New York Musical Review, writing from some where in New England, talks to the point in the matter of choir singing. He says, in describing the scene at the village church where he attended worship:—"The singing was good, but it was all done by the choir. The people sat in silence, while twelve singers, a melodeon and a violoncello, performed that only part of Divine Worship in which ALL, saint and sinner, young and old, can be easily induced to take part. If I were the Musical Review, gentlemen, I should oppose the choir system, root and branch. I should urge the churches to employ each a competent person—and employ him permanently—whose duty should be, first, to lead the singing on Sunday; second, and chiefly, to make the whole congregation a choir, dividing the people into suitable classes, and devoting three evenings a week to their instruction. He should undertake the musical education of the church, in fact; and drill all the people into harmony. Think of this, Messrs. Editors. Consider the many advantages that would arise from a general diffusion

of a knowledge of music, and imagine the truly great effect of a whole congregation rising and singing with one voice, and one heart, and one tune. A choir! Why, the performance of the best choir that ever played pranks in a gallery is tame and mean compared with that of a large assembly, even though they sing with a tolerable degree of correctness. Have you ever heard of any musical performance equal in sublime effect to the Doxology, when sung at the Tabernacle by four thousand voices, at the close of an anniversary? I have not. Yet I have heard the best singers, the largest orchestras, the most thrilling operas, and the grandest oratories, that either continent has known. Down with the choir system, I say."

WAR.—How little do we think of the fearful horrors of war, while reading the exciting accounts of battles, sieges, sorties, and victories. We sympathise with one or the other of the contending parties, and feel a secret pleasure when news is brought that a terrible slaughter has been made by the armies fighting in the cause that meets our approval; and our pleasure is heightened if the list of killed and wounded numbers thousands instead of hundreds. That the right—or what we regard as the right—is prevailing over oppression and wrong, forms the groundwork of pleasure; yet, how much would it be tempered, if we suffered our thought to dwell upon the actual horrors of the conflict, and the awful sufferings that follow. If a friend or neighbor meets with a painful casualty, how are all our sympathies quickened into activity! We feel a shudder, it may be, creeping along every nerve, as in imagination we realize his condition. We grow sick at heart, and turn away from the spectacle even of a crushed hand or limb. Yet what a feather in the balance are these compared with the awful mutilations that follow the maddening shock of armies!

But, not alone to the camp and the battlefield are limited the horrors of war. Not alone on the Danube are now felt the evils deplored by every heart that can feel a touch of humanity. Everywhere in the East falls the curse of war. Even in Constantinople, all business is stagnant, but little money is to be

seen, and some are dying of hunger, thirst, nakedness, and disease. Rats and mice are eaten by many of the starving, and people who a few months since were rich, now beg for bread. We make a great outcry in this country if, from some slight causes, there is a scarcity of money, or a dull business season, requiring the extravagant to omit their lavish expenditure, and all to cut off a few superfluities. But who suffers a diminution of healthy food, or a defect of warm clothing? None who will honestly labor for it. Our people neither appreciate fully their own blessings, nor truly sympathize with the sad condition in which so many nations of the earth are fallen.

SINGING IN FAMILY WORSHIP.—"That most charming part of domestic worship, singing the praises of God," says the Presbyterian, "it is much to be regretted has fallen to a great extent into disuse. Either from the hurry or weariness of business in this driving age, or from the want of cultivating, at the most favorable period, a taste for music, or from a decline of interest in the service itself, one now seldom hears, at the morning and evening household-worship,

"Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;"

nor indeed any other sacred song."

The Scottish Free Church Record, speaking of a similar state of things in that country, says: "Scotland could once boast of the day when the voice of praise ascended from almost every hearth. How seldom the sound is now heard by the passer-by! which some one has remarked, was like the scarlet thread hung out on the walls of Jericho to bear witness that God was acknowledged in that house. Philip Henry says: 'Those do well that pray morning and evening in their families; those do better who pray and read the Scriptures; but those do best of all who pray, and read, and sing psalms.' Nothing tends more to enliven family worship and render it interesting, than singing; and the influence of the music may long endure when youthful associations are recalled in after years. By the introduction of this practice among his children and domestics, the head of a house has peculiar opportunities of aiding in the revival of sacred music; it is productive of many advantages both to the members of the family and to the

Church at large, and an interest in the psalmody is excited which would extend to public occasions."

PUNISHING CHILDREN.—Miss Swisshelm makes this very sensible remark, which we commend to all who have the care of children:—"Punishment for children should consist, at most, in restraint, and that no more than is necessary to overcome their resistance and make them feel the parent or guardian is stronger than they—that they can restrain them and will, but only for their benefit. No punishment should assume the appearance of revenge, and should always be administered by a person in perfect command of his or her own temper. No one should attempt to govern a child until he has acquired the art of governing himself."

In what a different spirit is punishment usually administered! The parent bears and forbears until patience is exhausted, and then blows are given in anger, and wrong to the body and mind inflicted. It may be safely said that no child ever received punishment in anger that was not injured rather than benefited.

FANATICAL STREET PREACHERS.—There are a parcel of restless fanatics in our country, who do a large amount of evil in the name of religion. Some of these are engaged in Sunday street preaching. They do not belong to the humble, earnest, conscientious class of men, who, for years, have been lifting their voices in the market-houses and in by-places where the sound of Gospel truth, but for them, is never heard—who have assailed none for a different faith—who have never provoked any except to good works. No; they belong not to these; but to a far different class. As to religion, they know nothing of its pure, holy, unselfish aspirations. They are mere fanatics, intent on rousing, for some selfish ends, the evil passions of their fellow men. Such are the street preachers who have recently done so much harm in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn—turning the peaceful Sabbath into a day for the excitation of the most hellish passions. We cannot better express our view of the matter than by adopting the words of the Ledger: "Christianity teaches individuals to respect the rights of others, but when we see them doing all they can to insult people, and pro-

voke them to a fight, reckless of the public peace, we are inclined to believe that the spirit which animates the actors is the spirit of the devil, and that they but steal the livery of Heaven in which to do their mischievous work. Religion! fie! True religion would weep tears of bitterness at such a desecration of her holy name—such a sad perversion of her principles.”

DEATH OF FANNY FORRESTER.—As “Mrs. Judson,” the subject of this paragraph was known only to the few, but as “Fanny Forrester,” her memory is dear to a large number, who have never ceased to regret the withdrawal of her starry radiance from the literary firmament. Since her return from Burmah, after the death of her husband, Dr. Judson, her health has steadily declined; and, on the 1st of June, in Hamilton County, New York, she passed through the gate of mortality to the better land towards which her pure spirit aspired. The New York Recorder says:—“Her sickness has been long, and her life has hung in a doubtful scale since the early spring; but gradually and gently she has sunk to her rest, and thousands will miss her quiet and gentle influence from the many circles which, by her intelligence and virtue, she has delighted and adorned.”

MAN'S UNCHARITABLENESS.—The New York Sun makes the following very just remarks, which we beg all who suffer themselves to get unduly excited because, in the progress of events, all does not move on according to their peculiar notions of things, to read, ponder, and digest:

“If the Sovereign of the Universe were as uncharitable as His human creatures who inhabit this earth, the whole human race would long since have been swept away in His wrath. Men who would rend this Union to pieces, because some real or imaginary evil enters into its Constitution, and has become the object of their ungovernable hatred, might study with profit the long suffering forbearance of the Great Ruler. But poor, foolish man makes but a sad use of the lessons which the merciful Providence of the Supreme Lawgiver teaches.

“Instead of loving, he hates; instead of cultivating charity, he harbors malice and gives the rein to his worst passions. Instead of patiently endeavoring to reform evils, he, too

often, is ready to rush into the wildest extremes. He follows impulse, when sober reason should guide.

“Strange, too, that the men who have the least charity, who are ready to proscribe, persecute, and destroy in the achievement of their purposes, claim to be the most zealous servants, the most loyal soldiers of the King of Heaven. Paul once thought he was doing God's service, when he was a persecutor and fighting against God. In this respect Paul has had many imitators. In his uncharitableness he has many followers; in his labors of love but few out of the great human family of the present day.”

DEATH OF MADAME SONTAG.—Madame Sontag, the distinguished vocalist, died of cholera, in the city of Mexico, on the 17th of June—some accounts say the 18th. She was attacked by the fatal disease on the 11th, and on the 16th was better; but relapsed and died. The event has caused a painful sensation in musical circles. No singer maintained a fairer reputation than Madame Sontag, or was more highly esteemed in virtuous private circles.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—A son of Mr. Wm. Booth, of Covington, Ky., was bitten by a dog about eight weeks ago, but the wound healed up, and he thought no more about it, until a few days ago, when a man died there of hydrophobia. He soon after became impressed with the belief that he was laboring under the disease. Medical assistance was called in, and a quantity of blood was taken from him, after which opiates were administered, and he slept for nearly ten hours. When he awoke he called for water, of which he drank profusely, apparently forgetful of the night-mare which had previously haunted him. The consequence was that he became satisfied that he had been laboring under a hallucination. The water broke the spell, and he is now perfectly recovered. Who can tell how many fatal results have attended similar distorted imaginings?

The above is from an exchange. We have heard it gravely questioned whether hydrophobia in the human species invariably follows the bite of a rabid animal. Many of the cases that do occur have been attributed more to fearfully excited imaginations, than to the poison existing in the saliva of the dog. An instance like the above shows what a singular

power the mind possesses over the functions of the body, and may well be kept in memory as a check upon the imagination.

PLURALITY OF WORLDS.—It is said that Sir David Brewster is writing a reply to the late work which denies the theory of a plurality of worlds. His book will be entitled "More Worlds than One, the Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian." We notice by the London papers that the non-plurality work is creating a great sensation. The author is said to be Dr. Whewell. His work is one of ability; but he is undoubtedly on the wrong side.

☞ The New York city "Temperance Alliance" is steadily doing the good work of suppressing the illegal traffic in liquors; and proving, that if laws are made to suppress the sale of intoxicating drinks altogether, they can be executed in New York. Is it not a disgraceful admission, that laws made for the protection of the weak and innocent, and for the repression of vice, cannot be carried out in a large city? They can be executed if the better class of the community will only do their duty honestly and fearlessly.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Atherton and other Tales. By Mary Russell Mitford." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. A new story from the pen of the author of "Our Village," must receive a cordial welcome; and the more so from the fact that it is not only the longest, but in all probability the last production of her pen, with which the public will ever be favored. The circumstances under which Atherton, which occupies about one hundred and fifty pages of the volume, was written, are thus related in the preface, which gives a few glimpses of the author's individual life:—

"Ten months before, I had had a very severe accident, having been thrown from my little pony-carriage, on the hard gravel road of a friend's park. No bones were broken; but the jar had affected every nerve, and, falling upon a highly rheumatic subject, had left the limbs and body crippled and powerless. There was, however, something to be expected from the great restorer, Time; and during the Summer I had been lifted down stairs, and driven through our beautiful lanes, in hopes that the blessed air, to which I had been almost as much accustomed as a gypsy, would prove a still more effectual remedy.

"But the season was peculiarly unfavorable. I gained no strength. The Autumn found me again confined to my room; wheeled with difficulty from the bed to the fireside; unable to rise from my seat, to stand for a moment, to put one foot before another; and, when lifted into bed, incapable of turning or moving in the slightest degree whatever. Even in writing, I was often obliged to have the ink-glass held for me, because I could not raise my hand to dip the pen in the ink.

"In this state, with frequent paroxysms of pain, was the greater part of 'Atherton' written. It was concluded during a severe attack of influenza, —concluded because it lay upon my mind as an engagement to be fulfilled, a debt to be discharged; and there was less risk in the exertion than in the anxiety.

"I have told this story, not so much as an excuse for faults or shortcomings, since I well know that the public looks, and has a right to look, to the quality of a work, and not to the circumstances under which it has been produced; I tell it as a fact rather than an apology, and most surely not as a complaint. So far, indeed, am I from murmuring against that will which alone knows what is best for us all, that I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the merciful Providence, which, shattering the frame, left such poor faculties as were originally vouchsafed to me undimmed and unclouded; enabling me still to live by the mind, and not only to enjoy the never-wearying delight of reading the thoughts of others, but even to light up a sick chamber, and brighten a wintry sky, by recalling the sweet and sunny valley which formed one of the most cherished haunts of my happier years."

A very spirited likeness accompanies the volume. For sale by Martien.

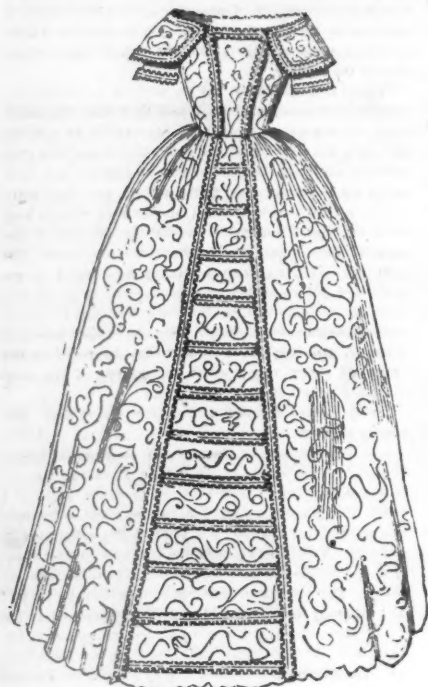
—"Flora Lindsay; or, Passages in an Eventful Life," by Mrs. Moodie, author of "Roughing it in the Bush." Dewitt & Davenport. New York. Under the guise of a novel, Mrs. Moodie has in this volume given us an autobiography of her eventful life, prior to her emigration to America. There is a great deal of dry, quiet humor about Mrs. Moodie that keeps one in good spirits all through her books. Those who have read "Roughing it in the Bush," will naturally feel a desire to know what happened in the life of their excellent friend before her emigration to Canada, and "Flora Lindsay" will give them the opportunity. The volume is published in very neat style. For sale by Peterson.

"Life in Abyssinia. Being Notes collected during Three Years' Residence and Travels in that Country, by Mansfield Parkyns." Two volumes. Published by Appleton & Co. "A trustworthy narrative," says the Home Journal, "of a nine years' sojourn in a far and savage country, wherof we have few authentic accounts. There is enough of novelty and strange adventure in these two volumes to satisfy the most inveterate devourer of romance. The vein of the history is vivacious and cheerful, the style free, spirited and perspicuous, and altogether the work is one of the most entertaining we have taken up for many a day." It is handsomely illustrated with many engravings, exhibiting the scenery and manners and customs of the country. For sale by Henderson & Co.

—Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, have published in a large and handsome octavo volume, "The Poets and Poetry of the Ancient Greeks. With an Historical Introduction and a brief view of Grecian Philosophers, Orators and Poets and Historians," by Abraham Mills, A. M., author of "The Literature and Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland." It is for sale by Martien.

—R. T. Young, New York, sends us a neat edition in six uniform volumes of "Tales for the Rich and Poor," by T. S. Arthur. They are "Retiring from Business;" "Making Haste to be Rich;" "Rising in the World;" "Riches have Wings;" "Debtor and Creditor;" and "Keeping up Appearances."

—From Peterson, we have "Records of the Babbleton Parish; or, Papers from the Experience of an American Minister." Published by A. Tompkins and B. B. Mussey & Co., Boston.



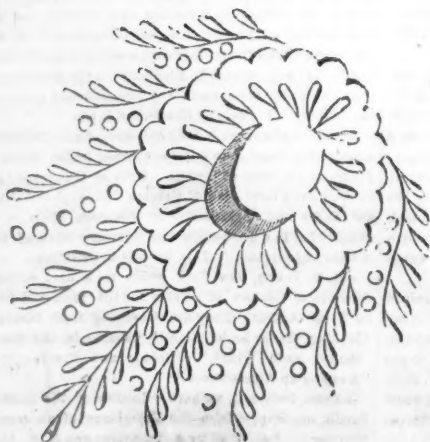
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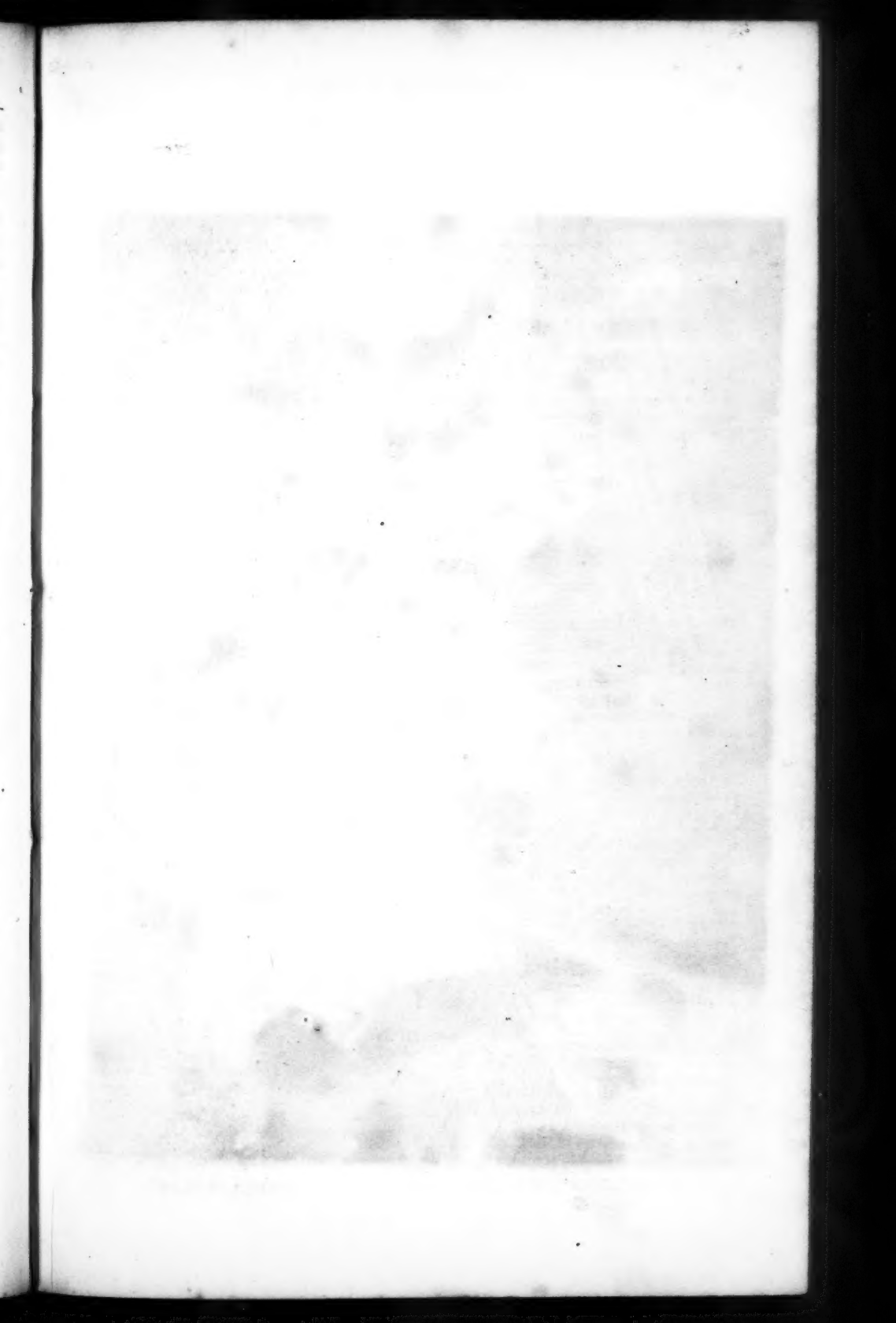
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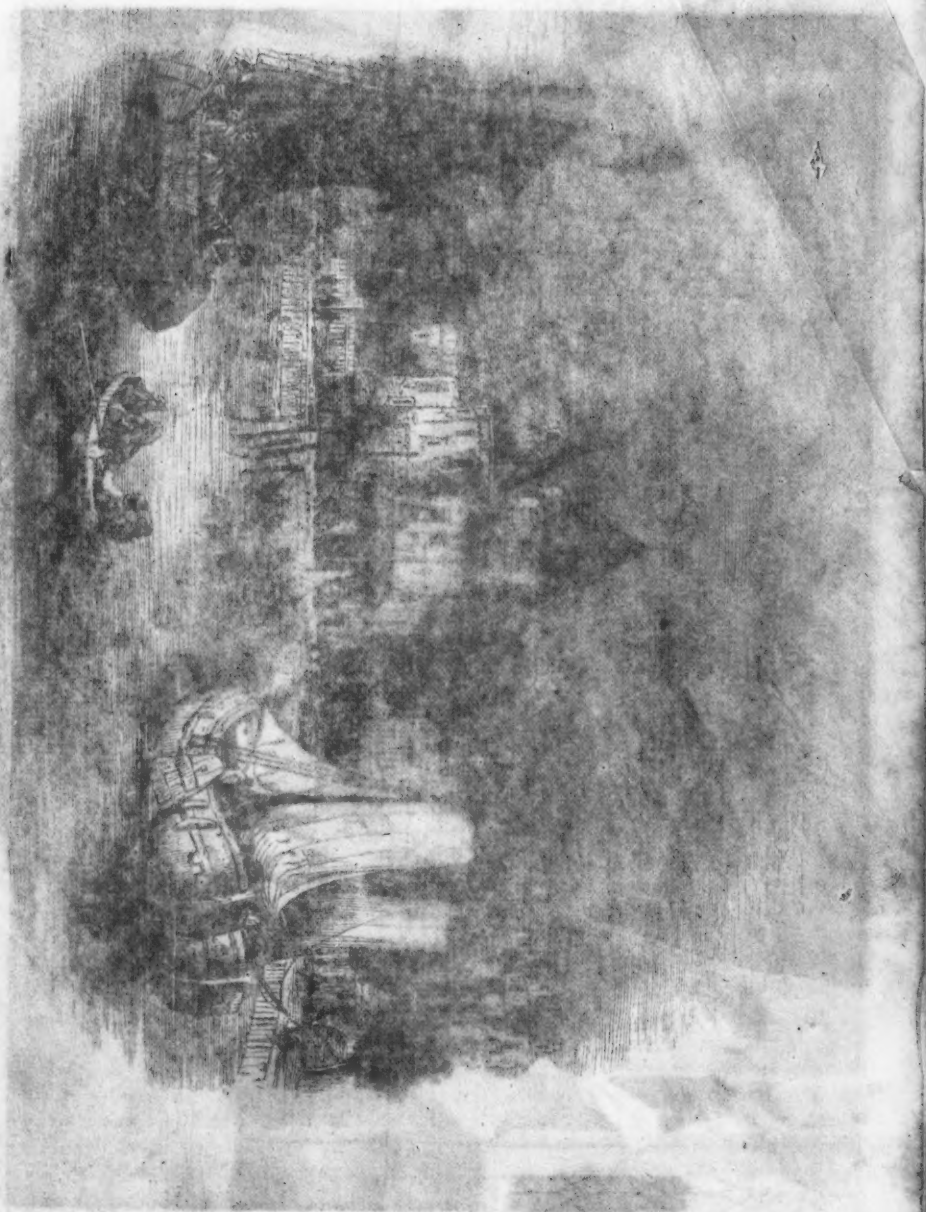


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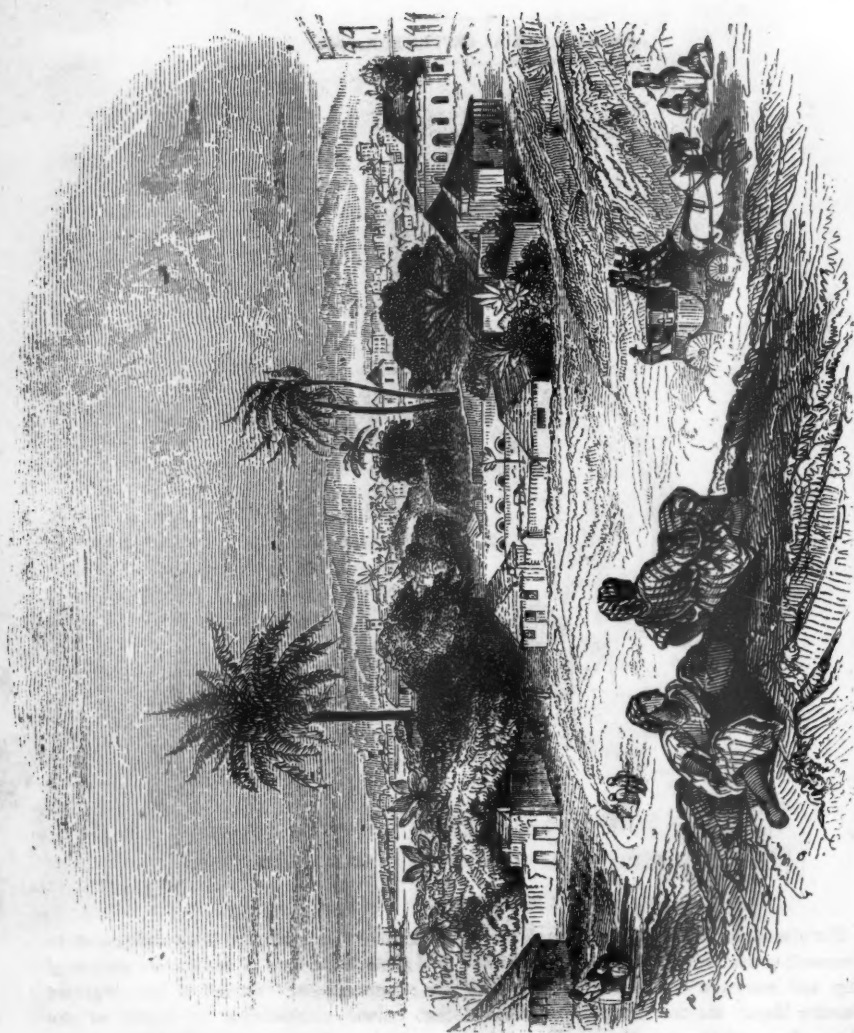


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